

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, MARCH, 1844.

Original.

A NIGHT ON THE LAKE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Perils await thee hour by hour—
Tempt not the deep alone."

IN 182—, a young man, just then admitted into the Ohio conference, was appointed to a domestic mission, which embraced the borders of civilization in the northern part of Michigan Territory. In such a climate, where deep snow and extreme cold are the companions of all the winter months, it was a severe service to travel amongst a few new settlers, whose rude log dwellings were thinly scattered over an extensive forest region. There frequent and formidable obstacles interrupted the traveler in his progress. Many creeks and rivers were to be crossed, and at that time bridges were very rare. Our young missionary had a vigorous constitution, great muscular energy, and a purpose of soul in his Master's service which led him to look at the labors and exposures of his appointed field with a good degree of resolute composure.

He accomplished the service assigned him to the satisfaction of all concerned; but at that early date his physical constitution, strong as it was, suffered a blow from which it never recovered. He continued a few years, under much embarrassment from feeble health, to occupy more pleasant fields of labor, until, at the early age of thirty-five, he was compelled to take his station amongst the superannuated, without the least prospect of being restored to active service.

Amongst the trials of that year, several of which, as we have heard him relate them, would compare with the exposures of our venerable fathers in the primitive days of Methodism, we select the following, which is romantic in its features, and threatened a tragic consummation. Its moral purpose is to illustrate, convincingly, the care of Providence over blind, helpless, and distressed mortals.

The field of this young man's labors bordered on Lake St. Clair. His rides extended northward also, on the American shore of the strait which connects that smaller body of water with Lake Huron. Sometime during the year he had occasion to sail down the former lake, along its western shore. As he was going aboard the schooner in which he had taken passage, some of his acquaintances asked

permission to place under his protection three ladies, who were bound to the same point. They set sail. Toward evening the captain of the vessel resolved to "lie to" during the night. He chose to anchor off the mouth of Clinton River, about a mile distant from the shore.

The passengers, of whom there were several, noticed a dark cloud resting on the horizon; and from all observable portents, they were led to expect a severe "thunder gust." Deeming the position of the vessel unfavorable to endure a heavy blow, they became solicitous to get on shore. A short distance above the mouth of the river, on its bank, was a comfortable inn. It was finally resolved to employ one of the schooner's hands to row them into the estuary, and land them near the tavern. The boat was accordingly lowered; but several boorish gentlemen, who had no ladies in their company to care for, ungallantly leaped in till it was fully laden, and secured the first trip, leaving the missionary, Mr. L., and the ladies, with two strange gentlemen, to take their chance afterward.

Before the return of the boat it began to be quite dark; and Mr. L. became somewhat anxious lest the waterman, a garrulous Frenchman, should not be able to strike the mouth of the river. He was assured, however, with Gallic volubility and positiveness, that that there was no difficulty. Taking counsel of their fears, as the threatening cloud now spread up the heavens, and the lightning began to glare on the surface of the lake, they trusted themselves to his pilotage, and launched forth.

Thick darkness shut in upon them suddenly. The Frenchman rowed with might and main, as was supposed, toward the shore. But when it was certain that he must have run the skiff far enough to have reached the landing place, there were not yet any tokens of land. The whole company became uneasy, and hurriedly inquired if he was not wrong; but he assured and re-assured them that he must be right, and resolutely propelled the boat so much the faster to convince both them and himself that they were safe. Mr. L. finally warned him that the water was certainly getting deeper. Upon this, after considering a little, the pilot himself was alarmed, and finally announced that they were lost.

"Lost!" What a sound was that in the circumstances which surrounded them! At first they could not realize their condition. But the quick-

thoughted missionary soon perceived the imminency, or at least the extent of their exposure. He recollected that when they dropped off from the vessel a light shone from the window of the tavern, which he supposed would be the pilot's guide toward the estuary. But now—whether by moving a lamp, or closing a blind, or whether (which was probable enough) by the intervention of a bluff, or a forest—no light could any longer be seen. In considering the probability of missing their course, if they had bethought themselves to secure a stationary light on the deck of the schooner, to guide their return in case of such misadventure, all would have been well. But they had forgotten, and were now forlorn of all such comforting resorts.

[So the sinner, in the midst of probationary means, urged by friends, warned by Providence, and drawn by the Holy Spirit, too often declines a preparation for his eternal voyage. While near the cross, and at liberty to apply its cleansing blood, and set up in his soul the lights of devotion enkindled there by the ever-blessed Spirit, he disregards the necessity of this wise provision. In the midst of this forgetfulness death overtakes him. Stretched helpless on his uneasy couch, he begins at length to look around. This is to him a new point of observation; and O how it changes the aspects of surrounding scenes! He is now on the ocean's shore. Its waters are seen to be a boundless waste, and its surface, vexed by the fury of the untempered storm, presents a scene most appalling to the soul. Just launching forth on this sea of terrors, night closes in upon him. The heavens are veiled in gathering clouds, which seem burdened with sin-avenging wrath. It is the wrath of dread Omnipotence, provoked by years of crucifying scorn poured upon the long-suffering Redeemer of mankind. He feels that it must be *unrelenting* wrath, because it falls on an unrepenting victim. He looks once more toward the cross; but it recedes. No star of hope remains. His eyes now roll in phrenzy. He exclaims, in husky tones, "*There is no help!*" At length his voice is hushed, and his eyes are fixed in staring ghastliness. While the signals of distress are hung out on every feature, expiring tremors seize his frame—he groans despair, and dies. *All else is hell!*]

Let us fancy now, as nearly as we are able, the condition of the missionary and his charge. The cloud had by this time spread over the zenith, and covered the face of the heavens. The wind was tempestuous. The short, broken billows of the lake began to toss themselves angrily into every shape of danger. The livid lightning ever and anon turned the thick darkness into a momentary blaze, which, instead of revealing, as they hoped it might, the ship or the shore, only gave them a

glance at the surrounding terrors, and impressed on them more deeply than the boldest imagination could have done the appalling horrors of their state. The rain fell in torrents, and a conflict seemed to transpire, in which the elements above strove fiercely and wildly with the elements beneath. Then, truly, "deep called unto deep, at the noise of his water-spouts." One thing only could be added to increase the terror of the scene; and that was not long wanting. The Frenchman proved to be a most profane wretch; and though he might have been, at first, somewhat cowered by the discovery of his novel and sad condition, yet, gathering either courage or despair as perils thickened around him, he began at last to utter horrid oaths and imprecations, and thenceforward became furious and flagitious in his blasphemies, in proportion as the dangers multiplied. This is a picture of the hardening influence of sin. Procrastinators often encourage themselves with the hope of being urged to Christ by the near approach of death. Such an one recently died in this vicinity, uttering this amongst several death-bed imprecations—"I feel as though I could curse Jesus Christ from his throne!"

It soon became necessary to point the boat's bow so as to cross, if possible, the fitful waves, and propel her in some direction amidst the raging of the storm. The glare of the lightning therefore became of great importance; for it enabled the poor Frenchman, whose task was now a serious one, to hold the slender craft to what he judged the safest point. It employed his utmost skill and energy to avoid the "trough of the sea," and move forward so as to reduce the chances of swamping, of which they were every moment in great danger. This wicked man labored incessantly at the oar for four weary hours, more or less; and all that time none could form the least conjecture which way they were sailing, whether parallel with the shore, inclining toward it, or (as they ultimately judged most probable) out into the stormy bosom of the lake. At length, after suffering no little apprehension on his own account, as well as for his fellow passengers, (and most of all for those affrighted females who had been committed to his "protection," and whom it became his duty to encourage by suggestions which scarcely sustained his own feeble hope of deliverance,) Mr. L. insisted that an attempt must be made to change their course. They had sailed far enough, as he believed, to prove that they were not approaching the shore at an inclination which promised them relief; and although the danger of "coming about" was extreme, he urged it as affording the only chance of escape. After much demurring, the effort was made. By the mercy of Providence it succeeded. They endeavored on their new tack, not exactly to

reverse their former course; but diverging from it as far as the running waves would permit, they called into requisition all the strength that remained in the now exhausted oarsman, and pushed ahead.

About midnight they perceived, from the tokens of shallower water, that they must be nearing land; and not long afterward the suffering females, drenched in the rain and spray, and almost senseless through fear, were conveyed, in a helpless condition, to the shore, which they reached five miles below the mouth of the river, where the schooner was at anchor. The gentlemen themselves, who were by turns engaged in unlading the boat of the water she took in from the dashing of the waves, were far enough from suffering no exhaustion, yet, unlike the ladies, they were able to stand and walk.

On calculating, as nearly as they could, the courses they had sailed, and the time they were lost, the conclusion was that the boat had pushed out seven or eight miles from the shore. Reviewing all the circumstances, it appeared to them a special providence that the skiff was not only kept adrift, but (what was still more admirable) that, in the tossings and alarms of so stormy and dark a night, none so far lost their presence of mind as to miss their hold, and plunge into the sea.

The next day these sufferers were restored to the comforts and fellowships of life, but were soon separated, to meet, if not before, at the judgment seat of Christ, where the blasphemous Frenchman, the two strangers, the three suffering females, and the missionary who strove to cheer and comfort them in danger, all mercifully preserved by an interposing Providence, will appear, to render up their last account, and receive their final doom.

We will add that Mr. L. closed this narrative in some such words as the following: "Even to this late hour, as often as memory wanders back to that night of raging tempests, and dwells on its scenes of unimaginable horror, my heart sinks within me, and my blood seems almost to curdle in my veins."

How significant are the following familiar lines in connection with this narrative:

"Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind, that toss'd my found'ring bark;
Deep horror then my vitals froze.
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a Star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
It was my guide, my light, my all—
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem."

Original.

HOLINESS.—NO. I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WAY OF HOLINESS, WITH NOTES BY THE WAY."

"Wilt thou be made whole?"

AND now, dear R., how does your soul prosper? Have you yet made the entire consecration of all your redeemed powers to God? Or are you still halting between two opinions? Your Redeemer demands a whole-hearted service. O, that this may be the hour when you may fully acknowledge his claim, and render back your whole existence to God.

I know I need not say to you that this is but a reasonable service. Your would-be-devoted heart assures you of the reasonableness of your Savior's demand. O, yes, R., you know that it is unreasonable not to be holy. Will you not begin this moment to act upon this conviction of duty? The delay of one hour may witness the fervor of your desires less ardent. The very conviction of your need of holiness, with these restless aspirations after it, are responsibilities for which you will be held accountable when your stewardship will be required. Yes, these are indeed gracious gifts from God, and received only through the *present* intercession of the Savior.

Why, dear R., only think what a tremendous responsibility rests upon you! *It is God that worketh in you!* Should you now, by delay, refuse to be a worker together with him, and grieve the Spirit, and thereby cause the withdrawal of his operations, how fearful would be your state! Ah! I have witnessed those thus fearfully circumstanced, and my heart is agonized at the recollection. If the heart's deepest agony could purchase the return of these gracious influences, or any effort or sacrifice however costly, it were less tremendous to trifle with these God-wrought operations. It is a solemn consideration that the light that is in us may become darkness; and then how great is that darkness! The light of succeeding visitations may shine on all around us, but the darkness comprehendeth it not. O, fearful state!

And now, dear R., if the delay of one hour may witness the fervor of your desires departing, and the persuasions of the Spirit less urgent, how greatly important that you should know the day of your visitation! *Now* is God's time! Will you choose any future period? If so, you take your *own* time; and is not this exceedingly perilous? "But do I not do well to wait in obedience to the admonition of the Savior, in order to count the cost?" And how long will suffice for this, dear R.? Now begin, and do not hesitate to take all that you have ever been, or would love to be, into

the reckoning. . . . Do you find aught but that you *have* received, or must receive? Is there any thing that you would desire to possess but what *already* belongs to God? Ah! the obligation implied in the declaration of your Redeemer settles the claim in comprehensive, overwhelming verity: "For ye are not your own: ye are bought with a price; therefore, glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's."

O, dear R., will you not now begin to render your whole existence to God? I appeal to you in the presence of the Most High—in the name of the Lord of hosts; and those angel spirits that encamp around about them that fear him, are also witness to the infinite solemnity, the eternal bearing pendant on the decisions of this hour! Will you not now begin to count *all* things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ? There will be a period in your experience when this decision must be made, if you are ever numbered with that company of whom it was said, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Does not this imply the necessity of a self-sacrificing spirit? Can we think that the offense of the cross hath ceased?

What a strange infatuation prevails at the present day relative to the standard of piety! It surely has been graduated and modeled by popular opinion, not by those divinely authorized principles exhibited by Paul—see Hebrews, eleventh chapter. Notice those that waxed valiant in fight, of whom God pronounced the world not worthy. O, it makes one ashamed to hear trials of the present day talked of when brought to compare with these! And yet shall we conceive that any less devotion of spirit shall carry us with unspotted garments through this sin-polluted world than that which carried the martyrs through the flames? Has God's requirements, in reference to a fitness for our heavenly inheritance, undergone any alteration since that period, or are we also to keep the solemn charge committed without spot—unrebukable?

Be assured, dear R., that the idea that the present attitude of the world, relative to Christianity, is such that but little sacrifice of public opinion, &c., is necessary in order to walk with God in white, with unsoiled garments, is unauthorized either from Scripture, or Scriptural experience. "The servant is not above his master. In the world ye shall have tribulation. If ye were of the world the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." Divine authority on this topic is most abundant and conclusive.

Fix your eye decisively on any experience that will bear the light of eternity. You are so soon to be an inhabitant of the eternal city, dear R., that it matters but little the manner in which the mere children of time, the creatures of a day, may pronounce upon you. The reckonings of eternity will soon rectify all mistakes. Get a *Scriptural* experience; for soon, and in such an hour as ye think not, will the gaze of Him whose eyes are as a flame of fire pronounce your eternal destiny, by the decisions of the BIBLE. It is by the *word of God* that you are to be judged at the last day, (see John xii, 42;) not by the traditions of men. That word assures you that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." This is the wedding garment, without which you will be found speechless. It matters not that the subject is controverted. The Bible is most explicit in its declarations.

And now, R., you doubtless perceive that if you fix your purpose on a BIBLE *experience*, it will lead you directly to HOLINESS. Will you not now begin to carry out those views of responsibility and privilege which, through the Spirit's influence, are now apprehended. O, dear R., my heart assures me that you would commence. But you are distrustful of *self*. And should you not be fearful of a traitor that hath so oft betrayed you? Then cease to have any confidence in the flesh. God grant that you may realize that you have received the sentence of death in yourself, that you should not trust in yourself but in God, which raiseth the dead.

It is your privilege just now to begin to reckon yourself *dead* indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. And why may not this be the eventful moment from which you may begin to reckon yourself not only *dead* unto sin, but *alive* unto God? Behold your present privilege—your *duty*! The way into the holiest is open! The Spirit and the bride say come. Come; for all things are ready!

When Jesus bowed his head upon the cross, and said, "It is finished," the vail of the temple was rent, and the way into the holiest made accessible to all, through the blood of the everlasting covenant. Why should you linger, then, in taking the necessary steps to enter? O, arise! the kingdom suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. Satan will take every conceivable way to hinder. Of this you may be assured. I should love to name some of his most formidable devices; but my space is limited. Suffice it to say, that it is your privilege to exclaim, in reference to all opposing influences, "Through God I shall do valiantly: for he it is that shall tread down my enemies." Through Christ, which strengtheneth you, you can do all things. Yes, and in his name you may now set up your banner, with the inspiring inscription, "HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."

Original.

RESIDENCE AT RIO DE JANEIRO.

BY D. P. KIDDER.

Central position of the port—The visits of missionaries—Labors of the Rev. Mr. Hand in India—Rev. Mr. Wilson from South Africa—Captain Gardiner—The Zoolus—The Araucanians—Individual enterprise.

SITUATED accessibly, as the port of Rio de Janeiro is, upon the great highway of nations, with a harbor almost unrivaled, not only for beauty, but also for the security it affords to the mariner, it becomes a touching point for many vessels not engaged in Brazilian commerce. Those that suffer injury in the perils of the sea between the Equator and the Cape of Good Hope, generally put in here for repairs. Many sons of the ocean, with dismantled or water-logged vessels, have steered for this harbor as their last hope.

Some have arrived, to the astonishment of all who have beheld the extremities of their condition; others doubtless have been unable to enter, and have found a burying-place in the world of waters. At the same time nearly all men-of-war and many merchantmen bound around Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, put in here by design, to replenish their water. Thus, in the course of business and of Providence, missionaries, either outward or homeward bound, were, in various instances, thrown among us for a brief period, and we scarcely knew which to value most, the privilege of enjoying their society and counsels, or that of extending to them those Christian hospitalities not always expected on a foreign shore. Once within the lapse of three months we enjoyed three such visits.

The first was from the Rev. Mr. Hand, and Rev. Mr. Sewell and lady, on their passage to India. These persons were sent out by the London Missionary Society, and sailed from Portsmouth in the ship *Lady Raffles*. Their vessel had encountered very severe weather in the British Channel and the Bay of Biscay, and passed safely on; but in the southeast trades, in comparatively fine weather, she had sprung her mainmast, and was obliged to put into Rio for repairs.

Rev. Mr. H. was truly a veteran, having seen thirty years of missionary service in a country where the average life of foreign missionaries is computed not to exceed ten years. He commenced his career during the supremacy of the East India Company, who were then so hostile to missionaries of every class, that they allowed none to take passage in their ships, and scarcely suffered any to tread their soil, if perchance they arrived in any other way. In order to elude the jealousy of these tyrants of the East, he first sailed for the Cape of

Good Hope, and then awaited an opportunity to complete his destined voyage.

His design was to commence a mission at Serin-gapatam; but a door of access not being found open, he was providentially directed to Bellary, about two hundred miles in the interior of the Madras presidency. That place was then a military station, where a large body of troops were quartered in the midst of a dense heathen population. Even among the English the Christian religion was practically unknown, and the Sabbath undistinguished, save by the flag which on that day waved over the fort. God, however, soon raised up witnesses to the truth, and there were from time to time faithful soldiers who gladly enlisted under the banners of the Prince of Peace. As soon as qualified, by an acquaintance with the Canarese language, Mr. H. commenced his labors among the native population, which, together with those of his successors, were so greatly owned of the Lord that Bellary has become one of the most important missionary stations in peninsular India. It was exceedingly gratifying to hear from so competent an observer the statement of those great moral changes which have taken place, both among the British and native population of India, in connection with the once so much despised effort of missionaries. Mr. H. had left India three years previously, with no expectation of returning, on account of old age and declining health. In the hope of recruiting his health, he had spent a year in the mission at St. Petersburg, in Russia; and so far had he been restored to the vigor and the enterprise of youth by the cold influences of that far northern climate, that he did not hesitate to embark again for India, at the request of the London Missionary Society, in order to accomplish some special objects, leaving his family behind. He was accompanied by a missionary and wife, going out for the first time, and destined to the Bellary mission.

With this interesting company we enjoyed some delightful seasons of converse and devotion, among which are especially remembered the monthly concert of prayer and the commemoration of the Lord's supper.

The next visitor of this character was the Rev. Mr. Wilson of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, who arrived in a brig from the Cape of Good Hope. This gentleman had been engaged in the mission to the Zoolus of South Africa, and was on his return to the United States. He afterward went out to the western coast of Africa and died there.

About the same time, we also enjoyed a visit from Captain A. F. Gardiner of the British Royal Navy, who also arrived from South Africa, by way of the island of St. Helena. This gentleman was not connected with any society, but under his own

direction and support was engaged in prosecuting missionary efforts with a zeal and perseverance as extraordinary as commendable. He regarded himself rather as a pioneer than as a permanent missionary; and hence, when he had led the way to one field and induced others to follow him, he was ready to move to another. He was the first who obtained permission from Dingaan, the monarch of the Zoolu, for missionaries to settle in his country. He then went to England, where he represented the state of the Zoolu country, both by lectures and a printed volume, which has been republished in the United States. On his return to the Zoolu country the Church Missionary Society sent out a missionary to accompany him, and about the same time the missionaries of the American Board arrived. Subsequently, all the mission settlements in that region were greatly disturbed by the bloody wars of Dingaan, and Captain G. turned his attention another way. In former years while engaged in naval service on the western coast of South America, he had obtained some knowledge of the Araucanians, a tribe of native Indians inhabiting the southern part of Chili and the parallel region on the eastern side of the Andes, where they are called Puelches. These people have never yet submitted to the yoke of foreign power. Although their coast was attacked by the early invaders, and a line of forts established along their maritime borders; yet the Spaniards never penetrated their territory so as to gain a supremacy in either law or religion. Captain Gardiner conceived the idea of visiting this people, of exploring their country, and of ascertaining their accessibility to missionary labors. He was now, *en route*, accompanied by his wife and two children, and soon proceeded by way of Montevideo and Buenos Ayres; thence to pursue the mail route across the Andes. In order to form some proper idea of what is meant by missionary *enterprise*, let any one contemplate the magnitude of this undertaking. Let him behold a single family, embracing a delicate lady and prattling children, cheerful amid perils by sea, and joyful in prospect of indescribable hardships by land. Already thousands of miles from home and its endearments, and yet pushing on thousands further through countries filled with war and blood-shed, over the almost interminable pampas and sierras that span a continent; the journey to be performed without proper roads for passage, carriages for comfort, or houses for shelter in the storm, or in the night. Let those who think *they* have nothing to do toward evangelizing the world, because not personally called to preach the Gospel, look at this specimen of self-denial and of devotion to the cause of missions on the part of a layman and of a man in authority. Let them look at these sacrifices of time, feeling and treasure, these hazards of life

and all that is dear, in view of good to the world; and bring up in comparison the pitiful offerings which they *feel able* to spare in support of the same cause.

Nor will this case appear any the less interesting or instructive when it is added that after having gone among the Araucanians, and not having gained that access to them which he anticipated, for lack of suitable interpreters, and not knowing their language himself, Captain Gardiner's next missionary movement was across the Pacific Ocean to visit the cannibals of New Zealand. These instances are mentioned, not in enumeration of all the interesting interviews we enjoyed with missionaries touching at our port, but as a specimen of the varied and peculiar character of such visits, which were generally wholly unlooked for. An interesting exception to the generality of these instances was the visit from the missionaries of our Church in the month of December, 1839, which had been for some time anticipated. This large band of devoted men and women sailed from New York for the Columbia River, in the ship *Lausanne*; and after a passage of about sixty days, put into Rio for supplies. I was at this period absent on a tour to the northern portions of the empire, and did not in person enjoy the interview. It was, however, highly prized by brother Spaulding and family, together with Mrs. Kidder. The latter left in her journal this brief record of it: "The Oregon mission family spent four days of last week with us, much to our gratification. We could not accommodate them all, fifty-nine in number, but we endeavored to do as well as we could. Friday evening we accompanied them on board the *Lausanne*, but staid only five minutes. We were thoroughly wet before we got off the ship." Thirty-six hours afterward the vessel weighed anchor to pursue her course, and to separate far from each other, friends that were never to meet again on earth.



ROTTEN RELIGION.

ROTTEN is every prop which is set to hold up wrong. Here is a young lady who mingles with the world in *dancing* parties. She has been plainly dealt with by some judicious friends who have tried to convince her that she compromises her Christian character, and bears no testimony, by her example, against the sins of those with whom she associates. But she says the Bible does not forbid dancing, and she can see no more harm in it than in running or riding. So she dances with the thoughtless and prayerless, and her friends think that she is rapidly becoming thoughtless and prayerless herself. She has *lost* the "heaven upon earth" that she enjoyed a year or two since, and now tries in vain to defend that which has cheated her out of it.—*N. Y. Obs.*

Original.

EXPOSTULATION.

BY MISS DE FOREST.

SISTER dearest, sister mine,
 Tell me wherefore dost thou pine.
 Tell me why the tears of woe
 Often down thy cheeks do flow—
 Why thy brow with grief is clouded,
 Why thy heart with gloom is shrouded,
 When thy help is ever nigh—
 While thy Savior rules on high.
 Tell me sister, it may be
 I may bring relief to thee.

"Ah!" methinks I hear thee say,
 "Life is but a winter day—
 Short and sad and wrapp'd in gloom
 Ere we reach the silent tomb.
 Yet my hours pass slowly by—
 Wearily the moments fly—
 Heavily my heart doth beat,
 Longing for its last retreat.
 Chide me not that thus I pine,
 For a mourner's lot is mine."

"Bound unto a couch of pain—
 Suff'ring much, yet oft in vain—
 Every nerve of life o'erstrung—
 Every breath in anguish wrung—
 Every bud of promise perish'd—
 Hopes destroy'd once fondly cherish'd—
 Crush'd and stricken—sick and sad—
 Can I, ought I to be glad?
 No! while I life's vigils keep—
 Slight relief! O let me weep."

Sister, sister, well I know
 The grave is dark to which we go,
 But heav'n is bright and hope bids fair
 For all who seek a welcome there.
 "But O! my heart is faint," say you,
 "And hope is often hid from view."
 Then faith springs forth with willing hand
 To guide us through the pilgrim land—
 With smiling brow and eager eye,
 She beckons to the opening sky.

Sister, I have seen thee tried—
 Stood thy restless bed beside—
 Watch'd thee in affliction's hour
 When the tempter's artful power
 Struggled rudely to control
 Every motion of the soul.
 Ah! had I been thus assail'd,
 Much I fear my strength had fail'd;
 Yet I read upon thy face—
We may conquer all through grace.

Sister, then 'tis not for me,
 Censor stern or harsh to be.
 Every heart a sorrow knows—
 Every bosom its own woes;
 Yet there is a balm for each,
 Which the lowliest may reach.
 There is one who knows thy fears—
 Feels thy sorrows—counts thy tears—
 One who watches o'er thy bed,
 And supports thy aching head,

Sister dearest, sister mine,
 Jesus loveth thee and thine,
 And although thou know it not
 He hath chosen all thy lot.
 When thy heart doth shrink with fear,
 Thou mayst feel his presence near;
 When thy soul doth mourn for light,
 Then his glory beams more bright.
 When thy moan is hush'd in death
 Jesus will receive thy breath.

Trust thou then, my sister dear,
 In his promise sweet and clear;
 And if o'er thy trembling soul
 Thoughts of deep despair should roll—
 Listen to his pleading voice,
 Whisp'ring still, "Rejoice! rejoice!"
 Joy that thou his cross mayst bear,
 And his life of sorrow share;
 Joy that He by promise sure
 "Counts thee worthy to endure."

DIVINE LOVE.

BY MADAME GUION.

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

O MESSENGER of dear delight,
 Whose voice dispels the deepest night,
 Sweet peace-proclaiming Dove!
 With thee at hand to soothe our pains,
 No wish unsatisfied remains,
 No task, but that of love.

'Tis love unites what sin divides;
 The centre where all bliss resides,
 To which the soul once brought,
 Reclining on the First Great Cause,
 From his abounding sweetness draws
 Peace passing human thought.

Sorrow foregoes its nature there,
 And life assumes a tranquil air,
 Divested of its woes;
 There, Sov'reign Goodness soothes the breast
 Till then incapable of rest,
 In sacred, sure repose.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

My Savior is "the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the ending, which is, and which was, and which is to come." This title, which, like many others belonging to him, is as remarkable for its condescending simplicity, as for its majestic sublimity, occurs only four times in the sacred volume, and that in the apocalypse of St. John. On each occasion it is assumed by my Savior himself. I cannot, therefore, possibly err in appropriating it to him.

Eternity is the date of his existence. The eternal past and the eternal future are his. Though his human nature had its origin, and as the Son of Man, he became an infant of days, yet even that nature is to share the eternal futurity of the Godhead. In my Savior's will, and through his wisdom and power, all things have their beginning. His glory is their end. For "in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made." "For of him, and through him, and to him are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen." He is that all-comprehensive circle in which the universe lives, and moves, and has its being. In similar language he revealed himself to his ancient people, by his evangelical prophet Isaiah: "Thus saith the Lord the King of Israel, and his Redeemer the Lord of hosts: I am the first, and I am the last; and beside me there is no God." "Before me there was no God formed, neither shall there be after me." "Mine hand also hath laid the foundation of the earth, and my right hand hath spanned the heavens." How perfect is the harmony of Scripture, in its testimony to my Savior!

Is the Lord Jesus Christ, then, the Alpha and Omega of my soul? Does he hold precedency in my affections? Is he the more than magic circle drawn around my heart, which meets me and is most welcome wherever I turn my eyes? Is he at once the centre and circumference of my happiness; the point, to which all my desires tend, and the limit, beyond which they would never stray? If so, I am blest indeed.

This title of my Savior is thrice adopted by him, in close connection with the prospect and announcement of his coming again. He may occupy the last place in human thought. The roving eye and the vagrant affections of man may now seldom or never rest on him. But, "Behold he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him." O my soul, canst thou answer, "even so, Amen?" Look, therefore, at the transporting view, which the glowing pencil of prophecy has depicted. "I saw a new heaven and

a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell among them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, write: for these words are true and faithful. And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." How certain are my expectations, and what suitable supplies of grace are assured to me in the interim, since he, who is the Alpha and Omega of the universe, is also the author and finisher of my faith.

The signs of the days in which I live, and the state of things, both in and out of the Church, seem to give new force to the prophetic oracle, in Revelation: "Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." And how can I and my fellow Christians better employ some of our passing moments, than in meditation on the names and attributes of him, whom we all expect from heaven? For what are those names and attributes, considered in their relation to us, but so many revelations of the Redeemer's grace and our bliss? Thus occupied, I shall not be filled with consternation when he cometh, whether it be "at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning:" for I shall lift up my eyes, not upon an unknown judge, from whom I have every thing to dread, but upon a friend, from whom I shall have every thing to hope, and whom I have been accustomed with humility, yet with affectionate confidence, to call, MY SAVIOR.

And when I shall have beheld that transforming vision, and thereby shall have been rendered "like him," He, who was the Alpha of my happiness and my hope, will also be its Omega. There never will be a point, even through unlimited eternity, when he will cease to be, or will be less the source of my felicity. I shall behold in his eternity the perpetuity of my own existence and my own joys. Lord, let me not incur the guilt of looking short of thee; beyond thee I cannot look for my enjoyments. While I profess to anticipate in thee and from thee alone the sum total of my future and everlasting happiness, surely I may take thee as my sufficient

portion, through the present short life, who art to be the fullness of my joy for ever.

MY SAVIOR! what a theme for mortal tongue!
For never yet hath burning spirit flung
O'er thrilling chord his rapture-waking hands,
To theme so great, mid heaven's seraphic bands.
Through the long silence of eternal night
THOU WAST—enthron'd in uncreated light:
Thyself a universe—thyself thine all!
And when of thy mere goodness thou didst call
Angelic worlds around thee, sweetly roll'd
Their strains o'er harps of pure æthereal gold.
They sung thee, GOD—Creation's fount and end,
Their sovereign benefactor, Lord, and friend.
Their HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, pealed around,
Deep echoing through immensity's profound:
Yet none, amidst their shining hosts of light,
E'er hailed thee, SAVIOR! that supreme delight,
Reserv'd for guilty man—for guilty me!
To sing through time, and through eternity.



Original.

THE PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

It is a common delusion of the world that religion consists in depression and melancholiness of spirits; that it is unsuitable for the young, unproductive of pleasure, and of a nature calculated to render life gloomy and miserable. The word of God, on the other hand, represents religion as the only source of comfort—the only paradise below. It informs us that the requisitions of righteousness are pleasant and not grievous to the soul. "In keeping thy commandments there is great delight." "Thy words are sweet unto my taste, O Lord; yea sweeter than honey to my mouth." "The ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." The Scriptures declare that it is the portion of the Christian to possess a "peace which passeth all understanding;" if in sorrow always to be joyful; if in affliction to glory in his tribulation. And if surrounded with famine and desolation; "if the fig tree no longer blossom, nor fruit be in the vine; if the labor of the olive fail, and the fields yield no meat; if the flock be cut off from the fold, and no herd be found in the stall, he still can rejoice in the Lord and have joy in the God of his salvation.

In addition to that of Scripture, if we wish human testimony in favor of the pleasures of piety, we can have it in ample abundance. It is not to be supposed, however, that reference is here made to men of the world. To ask evidence of them respecting religious joy would be an absurdity as great as to require a description of the colors of natural objects from one who was born blind. As he who has never heard, cannot tell the sensations produced by sound; as he who has never seen, cannot define the properties of vision; no more can he who has never felt, describe the enjoyments of religion. But ask him who has experienced the bliss of pardoning love, and what is his answer? "The

Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." As years advance and life declines, his hope shines not with a less refulgent beam. It guides him all along his earthly pilgrimage, disperses every cloud, every fear, every doubt, and sheds a halo round the tomb.

The Christian finds more exalted enjoyment in his tears of penitential grief than can be afforded him by all the festive scenes of the world. To him, public as well as private worship becomes a perpetual delight. Listen to the language of the Psalmist: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will still be praising thee. For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in thy house than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. O God thou art my God, early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land where no water is; to see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary. Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee."

Seek happiness in the things of the present life: it may last for a moment, but will soon die away, and leave the spirit to repine in darkness and despair.

Like snow that falls where waters glide,
Earth's pleasures waste away;
They melt in time's destroying tide,
And cold are while they stay.
But joys that from religion flow,
Like stars that gild the night,
Amid the darkest gloom of woe,
Shine forth with sweetest light.

Seek happiness then, in religion; serve God with singleness of heart; walk humbly and righteously in all his ways, and "goodness and mercy shall follow thee all thy days, and thou shalt dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." E. H.



HAPPINESS.

It is the chief requirement of our heavenly Father that we should be perfectly and unchangeably blessed. O how blind and stupid are we to go about mourning and repining, because some portion of this world's good is denied us, when heaven itself is not merely set open, but we are commanded to enter; and present good, perhaps, is in some degree taken away in the very act of compelling us to choose wisely, when, if left to ourselves we should play the part of fools; and that too, in a case where our ill-directed steps could never be retraced.

Original.

DURATION OF MEMORY.—NO. III.

ITS CONNECTION WITH CONSCIENCE IN BRINGING ABOUT THE
RETRIBUTIONS OF AN ETERNAL JUDGMENT.

BY D. W. CLARK, M. A.

THE doctrine of a future and general judgment is a doctrine of revelation, and as such must be confirmed or annulled by the written word of God. It must be judged by "the law and by the testimony," and by this it must stand or fall.

It is no part of our present object to enter into a set defense of this doctrine, by collating and comparing it with the Scripture testimony. This has been so often and so ably done—indeed, the doctrine itself holds so prominent a place in the Scripture testimony, that but few who reverence the Bible, and receive its teachings without change or detraction, as divine, will say aught against the *Scripture fact*. But there are thousands who are full of the *philosophic doubt* on the question of a future judgment. . . . With such persons there is something inexplicably intricate connected with the facts, the *modus operandi* of a judgment day. They see not how, or by what process "every work shall be brought into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." To them it seems inexplicable that every tongue in that day shall confess, and all men give an account of every idle and sinful thought, word, and act. And the objection is often raised that we can never feel the justice of that verdict which shall everlastingly decide our destinies, either for weal or for woe, without a knowledge of our whole past life—without a clear perception of its minute and long forgotten acts; and this they suppose to be impossible. This objection, founded upon limited views of the operations of the divine government, and upon imperfect knowledge of the nature and economy of the human mind, we have endeavored to root up and destroy. We think that we have demonstrated that the doctrine of a future and general judgment embodies no principle which is not in perfect harmony with the known capabilities and powers of mind.

It may also be safely affirmed that no mental principle, which, on a fair interpretation, is laid down in the sacred Volume, will be found at variance with the common experience of mankind. Nay, we may go farther—there is not a doctrine laid down in that sacred Book, either with regard to our present moral condition, or to our immortal destiny, that is not strongly confirmed by the phenomena of the mind, even in its present embryo state. Hence, if our interpretations of the Bible, with regard to the views it gives us of our moral

and intellectual nature, be at variance with the principle thought to be discovered in the development of mind, or at variance with the common experience of mankind, then should we pause and carefully retrace our steps. And the sequel will assuredly discover to us that we have either misapprehended the doctrine of the Bible, or misconstrued the developments of the intellectual principle. This will be an invariable and universal result.

We grant that in every view which the Scriptures give us of a future judgment the principle is distinctly recognized that each individual will be perfectly conscious of the justice of his sentence, even though it should condemn him to everlasting woe. Nor have we the least hesitation in admitting that this consciousness will be based upon a full and minute apprehension of all the acts and experience of his past life. But the philosophic doubt—the sideling, half-way objector asserts that a consciousness of our whole past lives is absolutely impossible; because many things are utterly forgotten, and are, therefore, wholly irrecoverable. Here, then, we hang, midway between Scripture enunciation and philosophic doubt. The word of God declares such to be the fact. Unflinching philosophy doubtfully inquires, can these things be so?

Upon the Scripture doctrine we feel that we have no authority to trench in the least. The doctrine is so fully enunciated, so explicitly declared, and so frequently reiterated and urged, that, even though human reason should tower like a bulwark against it, it were worse than idle to attempt to evade its Scripture authority. How then happens it, or rather, is it the case that we find an utter mental incapacity for that which is implied in the process and decisions of a future and final judgment? If we may not lay aside all our former interpretations of Scripture on this subject, and commence anew its search, with the hope of gaining new light, and making new and far different discoveries on this all-important doctrine, we may, at least, look into our mental susceptibilities, and see if we may not discover some hidden spring of emotion, some concealed, yet unfailing source of intellectual power, that shall confirm the decisions and give point and energy to the retributions of an eternal judgment.

If we recur to the general experience of mankind we shall not fail to discover enough, in the operation of moral causes, to convince us that memory and conscience have an important agency in the great system of moral government with which we are indissolubly connected. And, if we find them thus empowered, and performing these high functions in this state of existence, is there not every reason to infer, *a priori*, and without any farther evidence, that they are destined to fill the same office, and will be endowed with the same

high prerogatives in bringing about the fearful retributions of eternity? With all the light we are able to glean upon this subject, either from philosophy or the Bible, we are led to the conclusion that, whatever other powers of the mind may be called forth into extraordinary action, in the great drama of the judgment day, or however much these may be quickened and augmented, man contains within himself all the elements of that process that shall fix his doom. To us it appears clear that in memory, with its inalienable laws, is to be found the recording book, and in conscience, quickened perhaps into terrific power, is to be found the deciding judge that utters the inexorable decree.

Memory, we have already seen, is adequate to its task. It now only remains to inquire whether conscience possesses that inherent energy and power that will capacitate it for its high commission. To determine this we need only glance at its nature, and note the manifestations of its power.

Conscience is a moral judgment, combined with a susceptibility of moral emotion. This definition, which is at once concise and comprehensive, presents conscience under a two-fold point of view:

1. *Its moral judgment*—by which it enables us to discover the moral quality of actions. This judgment passes its decisions upon the moral quality of our actions, not only before, but also after their performance. The perceptions of this moral judgment are more or less distinct as circumstances and habits are favorable or unfavorable. The fearful distinctness with which it sometimes reveals his guilt to the sinner, notwithstanding the force of habit, and prejudice, and interest, gives us at least a faint indication of the keen piercing power of discrimination that is embodied within it. It is not so difficult as many have imagined to ascertain the right in a practical point of view. He that implicitly follows the dictates of a conscience whose edge has not already been blunted and turned aside by willful perversion and misuse, cannot greatly err. The needle, jostled and confused for a moment, at length settles down into a fixed position. The world over, in southern or northern clime, in the deep gorge, or on the mountain top, on the broad ocean's surface, or high above ocean wave and mountain peak, floating in the air, still to the pole-star does it direct its unvarying course. Nor will it change its direction till its fine and delicate machinery has been marred. Right is the pole-star of conscience, and violence to our moral being only can turn it from its course.

How will reflection, aided by a vivid recollection, increase this discriminating power of the conscience! May we not, then, infer that, in a coming state of being, when this cumbersome vehicle shall have been thrown off, and the soul revive its

crippled powers, and call back its enfeebled energies, it shall possess a keenness of moral discrimination, of which at present we are able to form but very inadequate conceptions?

We will not pause longer upon the discriminating power of conscience. It is a power made known in the experience and demonstrated in the observation of every individual. The great masters of philosophy and poesy, in every age, have observed it. And, indeed, it forms one of the broad lines of demarkation between man and the brute.

2. *A susceptibility of moral emotion.* This moral emotion is also of a two-fold character—prospective and retrospective—in the one case, acting before the deed is performed, and prompting us to perform it, if it is one that the moral judgment approves, or restraining us from its commission, if it is one that the moral judgment disapproves.

The power of this moral emotion is seen in the clear and strong notes of remonstrance which conscience whispers in the sinner's ear. We are aware that one of old complained—"They are not plagued like other men." But the commission of sin—even though no flaming thunderbolt from the Almighty should mark to the eyes of men his displeasure—the commission of sin has its fearful attendants. "A waiting conscience, visitings—O! visitings of better thoughts, calls of honor and self-respect, come to the sinner—terrific admonition whispering on his secret ear—prophetic warning pointing him to the dim and veiled shadows of future retribution, and the all-pervading, all-surrounding idea of an avenging God are present with him; and the right arm of the felon and the transgressor is lifted up amidst lightnings of conviction and thunderings of reproach."* Shakespeare, than whom a closer observer, or a better delineator of human nature has never lived, in a masterly manner portrays the working of this moral emotion, even in the bosoms of abandoned men. One of the murderers of the Duke of Clarence, while struggling to suppress his moral emotions, preparatory to the act of assassination, is represented as thus speaking of conscience: "I'll not meddle with it—it is a dangerous thing; it makes a man a coward. A man cannot steal but it accuseth him—a man cannot swear but it checks him. 'Tis a blushing, shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles. It made me once restore a purse of gold, that, by chance, I found. It beggars any man that keeps it."†

On the other hand, after the act has been committed, there is not only a moral judgment, a clear

* Dewey's Sermon on Human Nature.

† Richard III., Act 1, Scene 4.

perception of the moral quality of an action, but apart from and beyond this, there is a distinct emotion of approval or disapproval. And there can be no question but that, as our remembrance is clear and distinct, with regard to the transactions of our past lives, conscience is prompt to lisp approving whispers, audible only to the soul addressed, or to rend the soul with its piercing, agonizing sting, according as the act has been good or bad.

"Guiltiness will speak, tho' tongues were out of use."

How many are the criminals that have acknowledged their guilt—that have fled to the gibbet or to the halter to escape the more fearful punishment of a guilty conscience! One example to illustrate must suffice. In the vicinity of one of our large cities, a few years since, there was a foul murder committed upon an aged and defenseless couple. Suspicion fastened upon a young German, who had but lately reached this country, and was alike ignorant of its language and modes of judicial procedure. The poor countryman seemed confused, and but illy to comprehend his situation during the whole course of legal investigation. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, but recommended the criminal to mercy. Sentence, however, was deferred till some legal point could be carried up to a higher court for decision. In the meantime the sympathies of not only the court, but also of the people, were excited in favor of the convict. He was a stranger in a strange land, ignorant of the language and usages of the country, without friends to counsel, or money to carry on a suit. With regard to his guilt, in the public mind there were many doubts; and even after his trial had terminated, incidents, tending to strengthen those doubts, were brought to light. Under these circumstances, the mayor of the city and other eminent counsel volunteered their services upon the legal question still pending; and if sentence should at length be pronounced upon him, the judge, lawyers, jury, and the people in a mass, were ready to petition the executive for a full pardon. The prisoner is remanded to his cell to await the sitting of the higher court, which is to take place in a few months. There was not the least doubt of his ultimate escape from the cloud that seemed to hang over him. The hand of benevolence administered to his utmost necessity, and mercy whispered the certainty of speedy release. But still the prisoner's soul was sad, and his eye unsteady. Flashes, like the tinges of conscious guilt, were seen occasionally to pass over his countenance, and a certain restlessness and uneasy expression were often discovered in his manner. His countenance became haggard, and his frame emaciated; but all were attributed to the fact that he was a stranger to the people and their language; and hence it only served to render more intense the sympathy felt

for him. But hardly had six weeks of solitude and reflection passed before, early one morning, he earnestly besought the jailor to send for a priest. The priest had hardly crossed the threshold of his cell before he exclaimed, "I am glad to see you! I can endure the agony I have felt for the past six weeks no longer—I am the murderer! O, let the ministers of justice hear my confession, and take me to the gallows; for I desire no longer to live!" And what was it that wrung from the guilty man the confession of his foul murder? Was it not the tormenting stings of conscience that harrowed up his guilty soul, and led him to seek death as the only refuge from the unutterable anguish they inflicted upon him?

There have been instances of human suffering, of intense bodily agony, which presented such appalling pictures of woe as caused the stoutest heart to tremble; and yet the individuals themselves, though on the very verge of eternity, have declared that their bodily anguish was nothing compared with the horrors of a guilty conscience, which they then suffered. Witness the death-bed scene of the guilty and licentious Altamont, as pathetically and accurately described by Dr. Young. Hear him addressing a friend, who had been poisoned by his skepticism, and ruined by his licentiousness: "No, no! let me speak on. I have not long to speak, my much injured friend! My soul, as my body, lies in ruins—in scattered fragments of broken thought. Remorse for the past throws my thought upon the future—worse dread of the future strikes it back upon the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless Heaven for the flame! that is not an everlasting flame! that is not an unquenchable fire!" He who has stood by the dying couch of the ungodly—he who has witnessed the deep pangs of remorse, and the awful forebodings of damnation that haunt the dying moments of the infidel, may form some faint conception of the terrific power of conscience.

But when the curtain of life shall fall, and eternity rise full in view, will not the sting of conscience be barbed with keener anguish? It is undoubtedly true that, as our moral judgment is improved by a more extensive knowledge of the relations and consequences of our sins, the moral emotion acquires greater energy and more terrific power. And if this be so, all the pictures of horror that have been witnessed or described, are only the faint shadows which the coming events of eternity cast before them. They are the faint and feeble precursors of the unuttered and unutterable woes of the "worm that never dies." This is the "horrible tempest" that shall for ever be poured out upon the ungodly, "the lake that burneth with

fire and brimstone" into which they shall be forever cast.

Sinner, fasten thy thought upon a single base and sinful act of thy life. Ponder it till thou hast discovered all its bearings, and read all its relations. Revolve it again and again in thy thought till thy moral sensibility is roused from its slumbers, and, face to face, challenges thy guilt and folly. And, if thy soul is not encased in tripple brass, thou wilt, thou must feel the deep and painful goadings of remorse. The crimson tinges of shame will mantle thy brow, and dread of impending ruin will blanch thy cheek to deathly paleness. Thou wilt feel thyself less than man—an immortal, robbed of his honor and his dignity. Thou wilt lothe thyself, and thy soul long for its primeval nothingness. Conscience will raise its gorgon head, all hideous with its snaky crests, and barbed with scorpion stings. And to fill up the cup of thy wretchedness—to complete the lothing and abhorring of thyself—to give greater zest and deeper energy to thy longing for utter annihilation, scenes of moral purity shall pass before the eye of thy imagination, and their snowy whiteness shall but deepen the foul blackness and moral desolation of thy own soul.

If such be the compunctions of thy conscience for one sin—if such be the agony of one hour, how must you be overwhelmed when the recollection, not of one sin, but of a life of iniquity, shall press upon thy soul, and press upon it for ever! If such be the agony of a moment, what will be the agony of that age, that ceaseless age of horror, that shall succeed a life of folly and sin? Conscience, crushed, weighed down, and buried under the rubbish of human folly, now undergoes a fearful resurrection in its tremendous energies. Its thousand stings pierce with consuming, ceaseless, remediless remorse. Turn, writhe, and flee as may the damned soul,—its gorgon terrors, more frightful than the flames of hell, still hold up the mirror of his follies and his sins. This—this is the burning of the fire that is not quenched, and the gnawing of the worm that never dies.

But is there no remedy? Shall the miserable soul thus lothe existence, and pant for annihilation for ever? Shall the frightful action of a disordered and ruined intellect never become stagnant in the pool of death? Shall its memory, thus running back to past sins and follies, never wear out by lapse of time? Shall the eye of conscience never become dim with age? Shall its voice never become silent through plenitude of years? Sinner, canst thou turn back the river to its source? Canst thou remove from their foundations the granite bulwarks of the everlasting hills, those pyramids of the Almighty's power? This mayest thou do, sooner than abrogate the laws of mind; for

they are immutable and eternal. Thou mayest break the bands of adamant—thou mayest hold the elements of nature harmless at thy feet—the willing ministers of thy bidding; but thou mayest not enter into the secret chambers of the soul, to annul its laws, or to change the conditions of its being.

If these are the results of a mind disordered by iniquity—if these are the retributions of an eternal judgment, let me pray, *Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with ungodly men! My soul, come not thou into their secret, and to their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united!*



Original.

EARTHLY HOPES.

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

"Thou wastest away the things that grow out of the dust of the earth; and thou destroyest the hope of man."—JOB.

HAST thou desir'd a name
To glitter on life's page—
Inscrib'd in characters of fame,
To charm some future age?
And seen the brilliant figures rust?
Be not surpris'd—they were but dust.

Or hast thou toil'd for wealth,
Through many a weary year,
And when obtain'd, at price of health,
Beheld it disappear?
Why shouldst thou murmur? What is gold,
But shining heaps of dusty mold?

Has thou some vision nurs'd
With prayer and anxious trust,
And wept to see the bubble burst,
And prove but gilded dust?
Suppress thy grief—thy hope was void,
And form'd of things to be destroy'd.

As waters wear the rocks,
Or storms uproot the trees,
By slow decay, or sudden shocks,
Must pass such hopes as these—
They spring from an attainted soil,
And worms amidst their fibres coil.

Then turn thy gaze on heav'n—
There let thy faith be bas'd;
And when earth's granite bars are riv'n,
Her monuments eras'd,
And surge and tempest wash her tomb,
Thy hopes shall wear a deathless bloom.

Original.

SCRIPTURAL PORTRAITS OF WOMAN.*

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

JOCHEBED.

As the mother of the deliverer of the Hebrews from their Egyptian bondage, Jochebed demands attention; nor can we glance at her portrait, slight as is the sketch given by her son, modest and reserved in all communications connected particularly with himself, without discerning features both striking and interesting. Moses was born about the time of the cruel edict which condemned so many innocent victims to a bloody grave.

We are informed by St. Paul that his concealment for three months resulted from the faith of his parents, who "were not afraid of the king's commandment." But the author of the Pentateuch ascribes it wholly to his mother; hence, we may infer that although she acted with the concurrence, and perhaps the advice of her husband, she was herself the principal agent in its accomplishment. When circumstances appeared to render the discovery of her child inevitable, her affection taxed her ingenuity to devise some plan which might possibly insure his preservation without express violation of the monarch's mandate. She must evince the semblance of obedience; she therefore exposes her infant on the river's brink, apparently to be buried in the swelling waves, or devoured by the voracious crocodile. Yet as if she could not endure to be the direct instrument of his destruction, she manufactures a frail cradle, and places him in it among the willowy flags.

Perilous as was his situation, futile as must have seemed the hope of his rescue, her faith flashed light amidst the gloom that surrounded her, and she appears to have felt persuaded of his deliverance, although she could form no rational conjecture relative to the mode. Apprehending that her yearning heart might betray its weakness if she continued near him and watched the rising of the waters as they floated toward his resting place, or that her tenderness might be overcome by his cries, she left him to his fate, stationing his sister "afar off" to observe "what should be done unto him." The very words used, imply confidence in the intervention of Providence. Yet the strongest human trust is liable to fluctuation, and we may imagine the conflicting emotions that agitated that mother's bosom during the interval of suspense. The brief detail that follows furnishes a striking exhibition of the interposition of an over-ruling power.

The daughter of the king approaches, as was her wont, to bathe in the Nile. The ark containing the

future liberator of Israel attracts her attention, and she sends her maid to bring it. On opening it the child is seen, and "behold, the babe wept." Tears, helplessness and innocence produce their legitimate effect. What woman's heart could have resisted such an appeal? "She had compassion on him," and the manifestations of that compassion emboldened his sister to advance, and when she heard the Princess blend, with her expressions of commiseration for the child, the assertion that he must be one of the doomed Hebrews, she ventured to suggest in a questioning form the proposal that gave such rapture to the afflicted mother.

We cannot fail to admire the wisdom of the young Miriam, destined herself to play such a conspicuous part in the future history of her people. Ere the pity of the king's daughter could be cooled by the thought of the embarrassment and annoyance the preservation of the child might bring upon herself, the interrogation of the discreet maiden gave fixedness and character to her awakened sympathy, and afforded her an opportunity of exercising her benevolence without fear of her father's displeasure or personal trouble. The whole relation is so true to nature that we feel the events might have been brought about fortuitously, even while we know that God directed the result. Could every individual be favored with an inspired record of his own lot, we doubt not that many occurrences which are generally ascribed to accident would be perceived to be links in a chain which led to some important event. The belief of man's free agency seems to me not only consistent with, but even necessary to our idea of the magnitude of Infinite Wisdom.

That certain specific purposes may be effected by mere mechanical force, no one is surprised at. But that God should leave the human will free and unfettered to pursue its own projects, and at the same time make the most clashing events, opposite tendencies and inveterate hostilities subserve his designs, gives us a sublime conception of his greatness. We see an invisible power noiselessly, calmly and unperplexedly pursuing its unwavering course amidst all the labyrinthine difficulties which, to human vision, the perpetual war of moral elements is continually increasing and multiplying. "The wrath of man shall praise thee," is the Psalmist's significant commentary on this truth; and most conspicuously was it made to praise him in the manner of Moses' preservation. Had the cruel proclamation of the king never been issued, the young Levite had not been exposed to the surges of the Nile—had he not been exposed there, he would not have been rescued by the Princess, adopted as her son, and thus obtained the advantage of a princely education, which must have proved of incalculable value to him in his after ca-

* Continued from vol. iii, p. 304.

reer. Thus the very method employed by the short-sighted Pharaoh to crush the power of the Israelites incidentally promoted the ascendancy of their future leader. And it may be that the faith evinced by the parents of the young Moses in their efforts for his preservation, was the reason of his being selected by Providence for the temporal deliverer of his people. How far his training by his mother, as the adopted son of the king's daughter, contributed to his future eminence we cannot learn; but I doubt not her lessons had reference to the elevated station he was to occupy in the Egyptian court, and to the opportunities which might thus be granted him of ameliorating the condition of his suffering brethren. Perchance her precepts influenced him to refuse "to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin." But without any further speculation relative to that point, we may learn from the contemplation of her adventurous faith to confide our cares and anxieties to God, while fancy pictures her emotions as she bore her treasured infant to the river's bank:

It is thy mother, boy,—
Whose heart would freely bleed thy life to save,
Who bears as if with purpose to destroy,
Her cherish'd darling to the swelling wave.

And yet in sweet repose,
Thine infant head is all unconscious prest,
And blissful ignorance of human woes,
Against her wildly beating, tortur'd breast.

Sleep on, mine angel, sleep,
And let thy anxious mother learn from thee,
In child-like trust her feeble hold to keep
On Him who reads her bosom's agony.

He will thy Savior prove,—
He none deceives who in his truth confide,
Thy mother dares confide thee to His love,
E'en on the brink of the ascending tide.

Then hush, my throbbing heart,
Thy impious doubts and thy ungrateful fear,—
One kiss, my precious infant, ere we part,
Thy mother leaves thee, but thy God is here.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

ALL the virtues of domestic life are lessons which are taught in the Christian school. It is like the sun, who, though he regulates and leads on the year, dispensing life and light to all the planetary world, yet disdains not to cherish and beautify the flower which opens its bosom to his breast; so the Christian religion, though chiefly intended to teach us the knowledge of salvation, and be our guide to happiness on high, yet also regulates our conversation in the world, extends its benign influence to every circle of society, and peculiarly diffuseth its blessed fruits in the paths of domestic life.—*Hogg.*

A WORD TO PARENTS.

A MOTHER with a group of children clinging to her arms, and looking up to her for sympathy, for tender instruction and advice, and twining themselves round her heart with all the endearments of filial affection—a mother—to tear herself away from such a scene of thrilling interest and duty, or not to devote to it her most precious hours, and holiest feelings, and most efficient energies! The very idea is revolting to our common nature.

Where ought she to find sweeter pleasures—where ought she to feel that she is more faithfully discharging her duty to her God and Savior, than in the domestic circle, uniting with the partner of her bosom in sustaining a well-ordered family state, and in thus making it what Providence designed it to be, the preparatory school in which the good citizen is to be trained up for the service of his country, and the devoted Christian to the service of his Master.

Let conscience weigh well these solemn claims, both in the case of the father and mother, whenever the calls of business or of pleasure, the making of a little or more money, or the participation of social enjoyments, would interfere with them;—nay, when the calls of the public, or the voice of religion itself, would seem to urge to the performance of higher and more important duties. At least, let conscience weigh well these duties of domestic life, of God's own appointment, and on the faithful discharge of which the most important interests both of the public and of religion depend; and let an enlightened judgment, looking to the word of God for instruction, and to the throne of his grace for guidance, give its careful decision; before the sacrifice is made of a good which is certain, but may seem to be less, to another good, sometimes disappointing expectation, which may seem to be greater.

If both can be fully and conscientiously performed, both, beyond doubt, should be. If one or the other must be neglected, pause, pray, and deliberate, lest the sacred trust of a father, of a mother, should be violated, or in any degree impaired.—*Gallaudet.*

THE THEATRE.

HAD I no other and further reason to detest and abominate it as I do, and as I trust I ever shall detest and feel averse, both to it and to its advocates; had I no other reason to feel averse to, and condemn the theatre, yet this one should be abundantly sufficient, as it *ought* also to be sufficient to every professor of the Christian name, it *ridicules*, it *scandalizes* my Church; yes, and worse, it *blasphemes* my God! It *ridicules* his ordinance—it *ridicules* his word—it laughs him and his to scorn—and would, O yes, it *would* involve my soul in eternal misery.

CHRISTIAN FIDELITY.

THE daughter of an English nobleman was providentially brought under the influence of the followers of Wesley, and thus came to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. The father was almost distracted at the event, and by threats, temptations to extravagance in dress, by reading, and traveling in foreign countries, and to places of fashionable resort, took every means in his power to divert her mind from "things unseen and eternal." But her "heart was fixed." The God of Abraham had become "her shield," and "her exceeding great reward," and she was determined that nothing finite should deprive her of her infinite and eternal portion in him, or displace him from the centre of her heart. At last the father resolved upon a final and desperate expedient, by which his end should be gained, or his daughter ruined, so far as her prospects in this life were concerned. A large company of the nobility were invited to his house. It was so arranged, that, during the festivities, the daughters of different noblemen, and among others, this one, were to be called on to entertain the company with singing, and music on the piano. If she complied, she parted with heaven, and returned to the world. If she refused compliance, she would be publicly disgraced, and lose, past the possibility of recovery, her place in society. It was a dreadful crisis, and with peaceful confidence did she await it. As the crisis approached, different individuals, at the call of the company, performed their parts with the greatest applause. At last the name of this daughter was announced. In a moment all were in fixed and silent suspense to see how the scale of destiny would turn. Without hesitation, she rose, and with a calm and dignified composure, took her place at the instrument. After a moment spent in silent prayer, she ran her fingers along the keys, and then with an unearthly sweetness, elevation, and solemnity, sung, accompanying her voice with the notes of the instrument, the following stanzas:

"No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne!

No matter which my thoughts employ;
A moment's misery or joy;
But O, when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure,
And when I fall on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray.
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness!
Ah! write the pardon on my heart!
And whensoever I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!"

The minstrel ceased. The solemnity of eternity was upon that assembly. Without speaking, they dispersed. The father wept aloud, and when left alone, sought the counsel and prayers of his daughter for the salvation of his soul. His soul was saved, and his great estate consecrated to Christ. I would rather be the organ of communicating such thoughts in such circumstances, and to the production of such results, I would rather possess wisdom thus to speak, as occasion requires, than to possess all that is finite, besides. What hymn, what thought in the universe, could be substituted for the one then uttered? The time, the occasion, the thought expressed, the hallowed and "sweet manner" of its utterance, present a full realization of all that is embraced in our idea of fitness. That surely was a "word fitly spoken."—*Mahan.*

INGENUITY OF BIRDS.

THRUSHES feed very much on snails, looking for them in mossy banks. Having frequently observed some broken snail-shells near two projecting pebbles on a gravel walk, which had a hollow between them, I endeavored to discover the occasion of their being brought to that situation. At last I saw a thrush fly to the spot with a snail-shell in his mouth, which he placed between the two stones, hammered at it with his beak till he had broken it, and was then able to feed on its contents. The bird must have discovered that he could not apply his beak with sufficient force to break the shell while it was rolling about, and he therefore found out and made use of the spot, which would keep the shell in one position. When the lapwing wants to procure food, it seeks for a worm's cast, and stamps on the ground by the side of it with its feet; somewhat in the same manner as I have often done when a boy, in order to procure worms for fishing. After doing this a short time, the bird waits for the issue of the worm from its hole, who, alarmed at the shaking of the ground, endeavors to make its escape, when he is immediately seized, and becomes the prey of the ingenious bird. The lapwing also frequents the haunts of moles. These animals, when in pursuit of worms, on which they feed, frighten them, and the worm, in attempting to escape, comes to the surface of the ground, where it is seized by the lapwing. The same mode of alarming his prey has been related of the gull.—*Jesse's Natural History.*

Original.

RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

MY DEAR HELEN,—I have hitherto found your conversation and correspondence very profitable. I have been led to adore our blessed Savior for his grace bestowed upon you; and, comparing my own wavering faith and faltering steps with your unshaken confidence and rapid journeying in the "way of holiness," have found myself involuntarily clinging to you for guidance and support. But there is one point on which you appear to me to have adopted views which would be dangerous to any one of feeble faith and low degrees of spiritual joy. It is the distinction between duty and privilege, as applied to Christians.

You say—if I understand you—that you regard secret prayer in the light of a privilege merely, and, therefore, when interrupted in the performance of it, feel, not that you have grieved the Holy Spirit, and incurred guilt, but only that *you* have suffered loss. This is doubtless true when, *of necessity*, you are interrupted; and you will scarcely be by any other means, so long as your soul rejoices, and prayer is more grateful to you than food to the hungry. But when clouds arise, and you suffer the sore buffetings of the enemy—when your heart sinks, and there is no more strength in you, do you then, in this view of "privilege," keep up prayer as steadily and as *steadfastly* as when the candle of the Lord shines upon you? If you do not, I fear you may yet be in danger of losing much of your strength.

You think me legal in doctrine, and formal in practice. May be it is so. But perhaps I have greater need of persevering in forms than you have; and when duty is "dry," I know of no way but, in the language of Mr. Wesley, to "persevere in dry duty." Certainly, as Christians, we are not to be controlled by our own impulses. And I see no way to avoid this, but to adopt rules for holy living, and then to make a conscience—or a duty—of observing them. This has been the practice of all the eminently pious with whose history I am acquainted.

Other specific duties I have heard you mention as coming under the same rule; but, for the present, I leave them, and will present, for your consideration and comment, the characters of three individuals, our common friends, but whose daily walk falls more directly under my own observation.

Delia has long been a doubting, diffident Christian, never daring to say, "I have really been converted;" and her mind, being never at rest on this subject, she has, as her only hope, rigidly bound herself to the observance of all outward duties. Her hours set apart for devotion she considers sacred; and if they are violated, (no matter by what

means,) she feels as surely condemned as she would for an "outbreaking sin." This principle she carries out in all she says and does. She prays in public, and fears she has done it "to be seen of men"—in secret, and fears it was in her own strength—exhorts sinners to seek the Savior, and fears it was not from a spirit of love—encourages her brethren and sisters from records of her own experience, and fears it was to honor herself. If she converses in company, she fears she has (in her language) chattered too much, and if she observes a marked silence, she has "tried to look gracious." Her scruples are endless. The consequence is that she has nearly lost the power to distinguish between right and wrong—is always perplexed and burdened, and often near despair. Her conscience, like the compass in certain latitudes, no longer inclines to its proper point of attraction, and robbed of this faithful guide, she wanders on her pathless way, sorrowful and almost alone.

Delia's embarrassment is greatly increased by the fact that she can remember no period in which she did not strive to be religious, and that there have, consequently, been no marked alternations in her experience.

Clara is, in all, the reverse of Delia. Grown to mature age, a gay, thoughtless creature, she plunged into all the excesses of fashion and folly, openly rejecting her Savior, and boldly disregarding his commands. Affliction arrested her career, and the Holy Spirit sealed its instructions upon her heart. Clara repented and found mercy. Her conversion was clear and rapturous; and she has usually enjoyed the "witness of the Spirit." But, naturally impulsive, and accustomed to be led only by feeling, it seems as though grace itself, in ordinary measure, could not keep her to any regular course. As if in condescension to her infirmity, her heavenly Father has given her a remarkable discrimination in spiritual things, and a simplicity of faith such as I have seldom witnessed. I have often thought that in her experience the tender care of the great Shepherd was peculiarly manifested.

Clara is a lamb sporting on a meadow surrounded by precipices and pits. She indulges the joyousness of her spirit, and capers now to the verge of the one, and now to the edge of the other; and often, by her heedless goings, she gets a wound on her heart, or a spot on her fleece; and then, by a glance at her Shepherd, or the sound of his voice, she is recalled to lament her folly at his feet, and to receive again healing and cleansing at his hand.

To be more particular—when Clara is happy she does scarcely any thing but commune with her God—"prays without ceasing"—reads nothing that will not inspire devotion—can scarcely hear a friend ask a question that pertains to the world, and sings with holy delight the song of salvation. But the

moment joy diminishes, and temptation assails, her soul faints within her. She thinks "all is lost now—my Savior is wholly gone;" and sometimes she manifests almost a fretful spirit that she should be thus left to grieve. In this state, when she most needs prayer and watching, she prays little, is not so careful what she reads, converses much more freely of earthly things, and suffers herself to float down the stream, till alarmed by some danger, or recalled by the voice of mercy, she makes a hearty return and is soon again "in the arms of her Redeemer." While observing these movements, I have often trembled for her safety. But then, to return to my figure of the lamb, I observe that wherever she strays, her Shepherd still has his eye of love upon her; and so long as her "heart is to the remembrance of his name," I feel assured she will never wander wholly away from the fold.

Lydia was many years ago called from the world to be a follower of Christ. She, too, has an ardent temperament, and is by nature impulsive; but in her Christian course she "started right." Having accomplished the entire consecration of herself to God, she made out a plan for the employment of her time and powers, from which she never suffers herself to deviate, unless *turned aside* by what she deems *providential*. Her own inclination is never consulted where duty is concerned. The opinions of others are only regarded so far as to "please them for their good to edification." She converses sparingly, and only upon subjects tending to spiritual improvement, few words sufficing for all purposes merely temporal. The Bible is her book of books, and the closet her favorite resort. And, above all, she is careful to keep faith in lively exercise—the cross ever before her. In a word, she walks steadily forward in the way of life, enjoying all its privileges, performing all its duties, and partaking of all its delights.

Thus, while Delia knows only duty, and Clara seeks only privilege, Lydia sees that to neglect a privilege is to violate a duty, and that to perform a duty is to embrace a privilege.

I admit that Delia dishonors God by doubting his word, and by seeking salvation by works, and not casting herself by faith on the atonement as her only hope; and also that her example discourages others who would "enter in at the strait gate;" for it is often said, "If religion makes its votaries happy, why is not Delia happy? She is a devoted Christian. Surely none can live better than she does, and I need not try." But does not Clara also dishonor him by her unsteady walking, and by the readiness with which, upon every slight discouragement, she "casts away her confidence?" And if any have, by the fervor of her devotion, and her strong expressions of confidence, been inspired to seek like enjoyments, how must their ar-

dor be damped, and their souls chilled to hear her, in the moment of despondency, exclaim, "Ah, it was all a mistake! The foe, or my own heart, deceived me. The great blessings that with so much rapture I ascribed to God were not realities," etc. And is not this course calculated to induce total infidelity in the unconverted?

Lydia, you see, is wiser than her sisters. Like them, she has struggles with unbelief, and conflicts with the tempter. But she is careful never to express a feeling that will dishonor her Savior. She knows that, whether she rejoices or not, it is her privilege to rejoice—whether she believes or not, Jesus is worthy of all faith—whether she is saved from sin or not, he died that she might be thus saved. If at any time she is in heaviness, through manifold temptations, she recounts the past manifestations of his love, and urges others to trust in him who has done so great things for her; and while thus engaged, many a beam of glory darts into her own soul—the Holy Spirit thus testifying to the correctness of her course.

And now, dear Helen, let us avoid the errors and copy the virtues of our friends—let us, like Lydia, be careful to maintain both faith and good works, and ever have a word to speak in praise of Him who hath called us out of darkness into his marvelous light, and commands us to walk in the way of holiness. And that he may enable us to see and to prize our calling is the prayer of

Yours, &c.,

GERTRUDE.



THE IMAGE OF CHRIST.

THE great work of Christ's disciples upon earth, is a constant and busy process of assimilation to their Master, who is in heaven. And we live under a special economy, that has been set up for the express purpose of helping it forward. It is for this in particular that the Spirit is provided. We are changed into the image of the Lord, even by the Spirit of the Lord. Nursed out of this fullness, we grow up unto the stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus; and instead of heaven being a remote and mysterious unknown, heaven is brought near to us, by the simple expedient of inspiring us where we stand with its love, and its purity, and its sacredness. We learn from Christ that the heavenly graces are all of them compatible with the wear of an earthly body and the circumstances of an earthly habitation. It is not said in how many of its features the new earth will differ from or be like unto the present one; but we, by turning from our iniquities unto the Savior, push forward the resemblance of the one to the other, in the only feature that is specified, even that "therein dwelleth righteousness."—*Chalmers*.

Original.

THE WAY OF FAITH.

I HAVE been greatly blessed by reading the experience of Christians in the sacred Volume and in memoirs. Indeed, it seems to be an efficacious instrumentality to reform the life, and to sanctify the Church. Look at the temperance reformation, which has been carried on principally by narratives of experiences. How many thousands have been raised from the degradation of brutes by these associations! Knowing that God can work by this simple means, I have been induced to offer a brief sketch of God's dealings with my soul.

I was reared amongst the gay, and entered into the amusements of the world; for I was brought up to believe that we are placed on earth to extract from it all the sweets we can. I had, of course, no compunctions of conscience. I knew nothing of the necessity of the "new birth," although I had read and committed to memory portions of Holy Writ, and especially Christ's conversation with Nicodemus. But parental instructions made stronger impressions on my mind than the truths of God's word. And so firm a believer was I in the doctrine, that *mere* morality secures salvation, that when I lay upon a bed of sickness, and my life was despaired of, I looked upon death with composure. Yes, astonishing as it now is to me, such was my delusion, that in the hour of death (as I supposed) I was willing to enter into the presence of my Judge clothed in my own righteousness. One glance at an immaculate God would have been sufficient to show me my standing. I should have been in the condition of the young lady spoken of in the memoirs of one of those pious women who lived in Wesley's time. She dreamed that she went to a ball, was sick, and fainted. A smelling-bottle was given her. She was placed in a rocking-chair, where she died, and was then carried to heaven; but she could not endure the blaze of glory with which she was surrounded, and begged to be taken away. She was not at *home*. She was then whirled down, down, till she awoke. This dream was realized by her; for she *did go* to the ball, though conscience forbade her—she *did faint*, and *that* very bottle *was* handed her—she *was* placed on *that* same chair, and there she breathed her last; and doubtless the rest was essentially verified. What a mercy that my end was not like hers! But, through the goodness of God, *I* was not sent into eternity in that condition. O, the forbearance of God! My heart overflows when I think of his long-suffering to me. He restored me to health. But I plunged again into the amusements of the world with more greediness than ever.

My sickness was in the fall. In the spring I was married to one who, like myself, was seeking the pleasures of this life; but his heart was not in

them. He was a wanderer from God. Once he had consecrated his life to Jesus, and solemnly covenanted before God and man to be his. But he had broken his vows. Although I had known him for several years, I was a stranger to this fact in his history. My surprise was great when, several months after my marriage, a friend told me that he had once been a professor of religion. As soon as opportunity occurred, I asked him if it was so; and when he confirmed it, I inquired why he had connected himself with the people of God, and whether they did not require something more of him than the life he was now leading? He said "yes," and informed me that he had experienced a change of heart. "But what is that?" I asked. He said it was a change in the affections and desires. "And do you believe," said I, "that none can be saved without this change?" "I do," said he; "for without this change we *cannot* love God, and therefore could not love heaven." "But why have you never told me this before? You did not, of course, think me prepared to meet my God." To this he made no answer—his heart condemned him. But I received an impression that I could *not* forget. What, thought I, is there a possibility of our being eternally separated? This thought fastened itself upon my mind, though it was not till nearly six months after that I gave my heart to God.

Like many others, determining not to die in this condition, I continually procrastinated. Many times I thought I would surrender my attention entirely to the subject; but then the world would come in with more cares, which, with greater promises of pleasure, induced me from time to time to delay. While in this state, an arrow from God's quiver pierced me to the heart. It was a remark from my husband on the mercy of God in preserving his life when he had so long neglected Jesus. I thought I would not stand in his way; for I presumed if I were a Christian, he would, of course, lead a different life. I resolved, from that moment, never to give myself any peace of mind till I knew whether there was a reality in religious experience; and from that hour I rested not till my heart was changed.

Never, perhaps, did a sinner feel the weight of guilt more than I did. So oppressed was I, that I could not bear up under the load, and was for several days obliged to keep my bed. But God in mercy looked on me, and showed me that prayers, tears, groans, and *all* that *I* could do, would avail nothing without faith in Jesus; and after trying every means in my power, I resolved to give myself entirely into his hands, and let him do with me as he saw fit. This was the very thing God required, and *all* he required.

As soon as I had done this my burden was gone.

I had thrown all upon Christ; and then did I know the verity of religion. Never shall I forget that day when I was born into the kingdom. It seemed as though I was in a new world. All creation breathed forth praises to God. For the first time I realized in nature the works of God. And when I heard the singing of hymns my soul seemed not to dwell on earth. I *cannot* describe my feelings. When I attempt it, language fails—I can never find words to set forth my joy. But they who have tasted His love, *know* what it is. O, the raptures of a new-born soul! I love to dwell on this period of my life, but must pass on.

How vain and foolish are this world's pursuits! And why do we ever go back to its amusements? Why not live continually in the enjoyment of religion? One reason is, because we find so little sympathy among the people of God. In Wesley's time, many did thus live, in continual peace and love. And what a sympathy then existed between the followers of Christ! But how worldly-minded has the Church become since then! How do Christians neglect *duty*, and depend chiefly on *excitement*? If they can but go to meeting now and then, and "get happy," they hope to inherit eternal life, forgetting that "faith without works is dead," and that we must *do* the will of the Father if we would have it said to us, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" One thing is certain—*excitement* alone is not religion, though excitement is produced by religion. And we must not depend upon mere emotions. Our trust in God must be the same, whether we feel joy or not. Carvosso says his *trust* was the same. Hester Ann Rogers says that she was taught to trust when destitute of joy. These faithful servants of God did not depend on their own feelings, but upon Christ. Is not this a fault in the Church? Many, I have no doubt, lose their confidence by supposing faith to be always attended by high excitement.

After my conversion, while my heart was so tender, I was told by a pious old lady that I must not expect to feel such joy long; for it always wore off. This rather chilled my feelings. I began to wish I might die soon, if that was to be the case. I desired to go where I should constantly have the presence of my Savior, and never wound his cause by sin. I did not then understand that Christ was willing and able to keep me from sin. O, no! I had not then learned the depth of his love, although I had a joyful and full sense of it.

I laid down several rules at the time of my conversion, from which I resolved *never* to deviate. One was that I would never pass a day without prayer and reading the Scriptures. I feared backsliding more than any thing on earth; for I saw how many lamented losing their first love. This was one reason that I made these rules. Another

rule was that I would never visit any place of amusement, or social parties, where the subject of religion could not be appropriately made a subject of conversation. From these canons I never deviated; and at times I enjoyed such communion with God as to raise me above the cares of life. But it was only at times. Since then I have learned to live by faith on the Son of God. But I continued three years without this full trust, during which the things of time took up too much of my attention. But God, who is infinite in mercy, watched over me, and preserved me from backsliding when surrounded with severe temptations.

But this is not all. He taught me that there is a more "excellent way," walking in which I may be free from all care, and enjoy a peace passing all understanding.

I became convinced by reading that little work, (put into my hand by an itinerant minister,) "Mahan on Sanctification," that entire consecration was my privilege. When I saw, by the teachings of the word and Spirit, that by an act of faith I might be "sanctified wholly," I felt condemned for not exercising it. And how is it with Christians who believe this blessing attainable, and yet "come short of it?" How will they endure the judgment? Do they not already feel condemned?

After I became convinced, the question with me was, How shall I obtain? After considering for a short time, I determined to go and ask the blessed Savior; for he could infallibly show me the way. I resorted to a friend, who was able to convince me of the folly of relying upon any thing I could do. While in prayer I saw that all my efforts were vain—that pilgrimages and penances could do no good—that perfect love was the gift of God, and received by faith alone. While at prayer, it was deeply impressed upon me that I must believe—"*only believe*," and the blessing was mine. Through grace, my heart responded, "I will believe! I will consecrate my whole being to my Savior, and trust in him for all things."

Since then my peace has been constant. At all times thereafter I could look to Christ when tempted, and he made a way of escape. If space would permit, I could relate many instances where, by simply looking to him, I have been delivered. The anxieties of life are banished by a full trust in Jesus. What a delight it is to be in his hands, willing to suffer all his will, and feel assured "that all things will work together for our good?" We should rejoice to yield to him the direction and control of all our interests. All properly belong to him. And does he not reasonably demand this of us? The parent knows what is best for the child. Let us go, then, to our heavenly Father, who is "able to save us to the uttermost, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy."

Original.

OUR MISTAKES.

IN reading the other day an ethical author, I lighted on this expression: "We often suffer as much from our mistakes as from our deliberate sins." Upon this I paused; for the idea seemed a bold and startling one. And yet upon a little reflection, I reconciled the assertion, in many instances, with my own experience, and perceived plainly that I could say to myself, had I not done thus, or so, how different, and how much more advantageous to me had been the results. And yet I recollected that in these same movements, I was, at the time, innocent, as far as any intention, or consciousness of evil, was concerned. I had acted in accordance with the rules commonly established as those of propriety. And yet, from these acts I had often suffered severely.

Whether these rules themselves were of sufficient authority, is another question; and if the rules were good for their own purposes, then the purposes were unsound. Certain it is, that error, and *mistake*, and *unhappiness*, were the results.

Does God then ordain that the innocent suffer, "not knowing what they do?" Is the matter in question an act requiring mental consideration or moral perception, and is the actor imbecile of judgment and slow to perceive; and for these things shall he suffer? Or shall we refer the whole to that doctrine of inscrutable mystery, by which the Omnipotent sees fit that the good and just, in this world, shall often be less prosperous and less successful than others of more peccable life and character.

"Good and just," as applied to mortals, all will understand to be the comparatively good and just; for "there is no man good, no, not one." In the transactions of life, we do not fail to see that the innocent often suffer by the impositions and villainies of the sinful and the crafty.

But we need take no remote reference for our satisfaction; the solution is much more ready; and we might adduce many texts in its corroboration. "The wicked shall prevail for a season." "The sinful runneth his course," &c.

Primarily, the parents are in fault, who do not put their children, yet infants in judgment, upon the right track; who do not insist upon the practices which square with order and happiness. This idea of parental responsibility reconciles a text which often disturbs the apprehensions of the unregenerate, namely, "That the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon their children, even unto the third and fourth generation." This clause is often explained by referring it to those physical diseases which are constitutional and hereditary, and which originated in the indulgence, the sloth, the intemperance and excesses of a progenitor. But this

may be deemed an inadequate solution; for unhappiness comes from other sources than those of sickness and disease: from the gangrene of the mind, the mortification of disappointed hope, the insufficiency of a worldly support; or from the unfaithfulness of its friendships, the want of social sympathy; and a thousand other causes may be adduced as producing the same effect—and all of which, however powerful they be upon the weakened minds which entertain them, might be thrown completely in the negative, and found less than the dust in the balance, if put into the opposite scale of that positive strength and joy to be found in the faith and practice of religion.

Yet worldly persons think they are doing their best when they resist and bear up under the accumulated ills of life; thus adding another *mistake* to those which originally caused the evil. For by this self-assurance, this stoical and heathen firmness, they do but depart the wider from their rule of redress, found only in the *religious method*, in the saving grace of resignation, and of submission to those inflictions which a divine providence has rendered necessary to many. Yet let us ever bear in mind that these ills are not of the will of God that we should suffer, nor necessary to our condition as human beings; but are superinduced upon us in consequence of our *mistakes*.

What a privilege, then, is it, that we may place the feet of our children upon safe ground! What a source of happiness to them! What a saving of care and anxiety, perhaps of bitterness and remorse, to the parents! What a happiness to lead our children wide of that path of error, where the unregenerate walk, even where, "when they would do good, evil comes!"

Yet it is in infancy only that the responsibility rests mainly with the parents; for soon shall this charge devolve upon the child himself. For, having been put in a good way, he should follow it up. If he do not so, it is evidence of a rebellious spirit; for is it not said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

An eminent philosopher has said, that "the results of a proposition (not a mathematical one alone) is morally contained within itself." How nobly does this idea sustain the divine attribute of *order*.

My theme would seem a trite one, and for that reason, by many not closely enough considered. And yet every day do millions go on to err, "not knowing the evil of their way." Yet no one would attempt to say that all error is of ignorance. For although man is inclined to evil, even "as the sparks fly upward," though his passions prompt, and Satan abets the cause, yet—having had a *religious training*—if he do commit sin, it shows rather

the perversity of his will, than that he has an irresistible tendency toward it; for "God made man upright," but "he has found out many inventions." O, parents, it is yours in the beginning to plant the unstable feet, and to commend the work to God.

To do this from early infancy is comparatively an easy thing; for the child, advanced to the state of youth, is prone, unless guarded beforehand, to follow after the fashions of the world, and deems it but a venial error to "do as others do." Alas, how often is this weak plea advanced even by grown men. "A venial error"—if known to be an error, is it any longer venial? And with whom is it venial at all? for "God is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." Yet so much does he love the happiness of his creatures, that having given them a revelation and a rule, he permits not, in the whole arrangement of his providence, one happy result to take place from mistaken and false premises. And by choosing wrong, whether consciously or ignorantly, we traverse *his* designs, and suffer, even here, the penalty of a disastrous retribution. And we may reflect that even the having too large a scope of choice, with our unwise desires, is not so good as a more restricted destiny; where we follow, with humble trust, the natural course of events, and take life as we find it; knowing that, by the simple performance of our duty toward others, we shall promote our own good. Such is the beautiful arrangement of Providence, that a reciprocation of the duties of life, contemplates also its successes. And this were ever apparent, but that we may not expect its manifestations in isolated acts.

But, say you, how often do we see an individual who is not of Christian conformity, not even of average morality, yet prospering in the world, claiming its respect, enjoying all the wishes of his heart, and establishing the desires of his will; and all this by the performance of a merely selfish industry. We see instances of this kind every day, and all day long; it has been the case ever from the beginning: all the ages of the world have known it; the history of all time has chronicled the fact.

Yes, all these words are true. Industry, forecast, discretion, and perseverance, shall seldom make a mistake, in an outward sense, of their object; though perhaps the failure of any one of these attributes may hinder the effect of all the others. It is said that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." But we see that they are the children of this world; that, "in their generation" is an inference of short limitation, and that in the phrase they stand opposed to the "children of light." Though prosperity is the meed of their worldly economy, yet, if they "forget God," *there is no doubt that God will forget them.* At the same time the unfortunate

can take to themselves consolation, even from the rebukings of life, and know that God sees them, for "whom he loveth he chasteneth." Though disordered, they are not at their worst; they have made some mistakes, of which the experience and the penalty shall learn them to correct in their after course. They suffer themselves from the want of a sober discretion; but they have offended God less, than if they had become "rich too fast."

How important then is it, that we set out aright; how auspicious, if a faith in the unerringness of these events have been timely imparted to our inexperience, thus basing us on God! and thus, exciting us by the principle of true self-love, through a mistaken view of which all our *mistakes* had come.

But I would illustrate, taking my view from recollections of a family of lively genius and vivacious spirits—just such as are most likely to fall into error. Having few evil dispositions or wicked designs in their hearts, yet lacking the guidance of religion, for their very virtues they fell a more easy prey to the beguilements of pleasure, and to overreaching in their business connections.

The family, at the time I designate, consisted of the widowed mother and seven children, three sons and four daughters. Though they were courted by society for the liveliness of their minds and the frank hilarity of their manners, were yet denounced by the world at large as a wrong-headed and foolish set. In southern phrase, perhaps they would have been called a "rapid set." And it is a fact that the gift so much desired, and so much envied—the gift of genius—stands in the progress of life, in broad contrast, not to sobriety alone, but to wisdom and success.

Of our young family, the mother was yet hardly middle aged. She had married at the early age of fifteen; she had had no experience herself by which to advise and conduct the early years of her daughters; especially in regard to their establishment in life, and selection of partners, so far as the limitation of their choice allowed. She contented herself with the negative counsel that they should eschew the vicious, but gave no admonition against ambitious and false views upon the subject; by the influence of which we shall see, in the sequel, that several of them made no choice at all, and were fain to walk in maiden loneliness even to their graves.

The deceased husband had been the senior of his wife by about ten years; and she had been accustomed, with well placed confidence, to consult him upon every move of importance. And now in this season of sudden bereavement, thrown upon herself, her grief had overpowered her; and her children had unconsciously gained a sort of habit of self-government, not unusual in such cases, and not

tending to that subordination most salutary and proper in a family. The effect here was too much expenditure, and a hospitality bordering upon excess: of which the prodigality of money was less to be deplored than the prodigality of time. The property in the family, with good management, had been amply sufficient for all purposes, yet was found insufficient for the desires of the young people. And as it was in estates which did not yield much income, the sons, who were the eldest children in the family, persuaded their mother, from time to time, to alienate certain portions of it—an unwise and ruinous course—yet it was what to them seemed necessary upon the occasions in which it was resorted to. But with prudence these occasions need never to have occurred.

The eldest son, George, was a well-conditioned, comely youth, possessed of extraordinary perspicacity, of generous sentiments and a warm heart, yet prone to be led by an ambition which sometimes obscured his better qualities. His mother had allowed him to decline a collegiate course, as his choice of an occupation was that of a merchant, hoping thus to realize a fortune, which he coveted not even so much for personal uses, as for the consideration which it confers. To a merchant accordingly he had been apprenticed, as soon as he had completed his school education. In choosing a situation for her son, the mother had reference rather to the lenient temper of his employer, than to any business capacity which he possessed. This was a mistake of consequence. The merchant was faithful in training his apprentice to the method and modes of business, so far as he was himself competent. But his operations were on a rather limited scale, not for the want of moneyed means, but from the peculiar narrowness and particularity of his own character. His distinguishing trait being, what is in western phrase, not inaptly called, "fussiness." So that what with little jobs about the house and premises, extra errands, and works of supererogation about the store, the clerks consumed more time than was appropriated to regular business. All this tended to give them desultory habits. This trait of fussiness, which, from the tried and trying experience of its disagreeableness, George had failed to imbibe; did yet not hinder him from losing all the time it had occupied, and finally of falling short, by that much, daily repeated during his six years' apprenticeship, of what he ought to have learned of merchandising. But at the expiration of his term, his master gave him a good character, and a bonus, or lift in business, at the beginning. So, choosing a small town in a neighboring state for his operations, George set up for himself in a shop of "all wares," as best suited to the wants of a new and somewhat rustic neighborhood. And now he is his own master; twenty-

one finds him in possession of health, and hope, and competency, and an independent occupation; and he is enjoying the smiles and caresses of the people; they admire the liberality and obligingness of the young merchant, who supplies them as freely without money as with it. For, says he to himself, "my master did the same, and he always did well." He did not reflect upon the difference betwixt an old established community, responsible to society as well as to the laws for their conduct, and of a population, promiscuous, and newly thrown together, and where there was as yet nothing like compact or society to take cognizance of the acts, good or bad, of their neighbors—always excepting personal cases, where the recrimination was instant, and *personal* also.

George, I have said, was a comely youth, well-bred, and of unexceptionable manners and disposition—was acceptable in all companies, which that very social neighborhood could boast. Moreover he was companionable as an excellent rider and an accomplished sportsman. He carved elegantly, and presided at a feast with an urbane grace possessed by few. Fortunately he was constitutionally averse to wine; or it is probable that his convivial popularity would have committed him, even more deeply than it did. As it was, he spent more time away from his business than was advantageous or proper, and he gave return dinners of more expense than his means warranted. The town he resided in was in one of the western counties of the state of New York—then a western, now an eastern, county. My very youngest reader does not apprehend that the cardinals had changed places to effect this. But it is a fact, fancifully speaking, that we may reverse the order of the thing, and say, "We would not go to the mountain, so the mountain came to us."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



THE TERM CATHOLIC.

The Church of Christ is called catholic, i. e. universal, to distinguish it from the Jewish, which was composed of one nation; while the Christian Church was composed of individuals of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, who are destined hereafter to stand before the throne of the Lamb with white robes and palms in their hands; they having been washed in his blood, and having overcome by keeping pure and undefiled that faith which has been delivered to the saints. This faith of Christ, designed for all ages and every nation, in opposition to the types and shadows of the Jewish economy, which were confined to one people, is therefore, that which, when received, confers the name of catholic upon a Church.—*Church of England Quarterly Review.*

Original.

BAPTISM.*

BY THE EDITOR.

In our last number, we argued that *baptizo* signifies pouring, (ceremonially,) in the New Testament, from the fact that "poured out," "shed forth," "come upon," and similar phrases, are used to describe the baptism of the Spirit. We closed on the topic of objections. Having disposed of the first, (which see,) we proceed to conjecture others.

It may be objected, in the second place, that, "as the Holy Ghost is omnipresent, he is not really *poured out* or *shed forth*, as that is strictly impossible, because his presence must always surround and fill all things; and that these phrases are of course significant of no mode, but merely of the general fact that the soul is awakened to a consciousness of the operations of this divine Agent."

If our opponents were to start this objection, it would doubtless appear forcible to feeble minds. We are not concerned to know whether it has been thought of, as our present business is to invent objections and reply to them.

Without regard to fact, we are willing to grant, at present, that the omnipresence of the Spirit renders it impossible that he should be "poured out." And on the back of this conceding we must press the inquiry, why have Jesus Christ and his prophets and apostles used these phrases? If the words express no mode, seeing they are properly significant of mode and *nothing else*, why did the Holy Ghost dictate their use?

1. Was it without design? That is, were the inspired penmen careless of their language, using words as children do at play, without serious regard to their import? If this be our conclusion, it is not important to discuss this topic. If the Bible is a book of such careless diction, we cannot know but *baptizo* is everywhere used without any definite design. We are uncertain whether several other words would not have answered just as well as this. Does this seem profane? Then there was design in applying the phrases *poured out*, *shed forth*, &c., to the Spirit's baptism.

2. Were these phrases introduced for the specific purpose of leading us astray? That assumption were still more profane. It would imply against God the charge of malice prepense. Far better that he should have given us no revelation, than to have imposed error on us in a portion of its lessons. "All Scripture given by inspiration of God, is profitable"—because all is true, and guides us safely. We may be assured, then, that in announcing the *pouring out* of the Spirit to baptize,

there was no design to lead astray, although there was *some design* in the use of such phrases.

3. Were not these phrases introduced as a light or guide in regard to the *mode* of baptism? Immersionists should carefully survey their ground before they venture to say no. The moment they deny, they are thrown back upon ground which we have just passed over, and there can they find a resting place? Will they dare deny that these phrases, "poured out," "shed forth," "come upon," and "such like," are used *without design*? If not, will they dare to say that they were designed to *lead astray*? If not, will they say that they are not *phrases of mode*? If they cannot deny some one of these three propositions, how can they deny that these phrases were introduced specifically to teach us the mode of baptism? They cannot. And we are ready to affirm that no other object can be assigned for the use of these phrases in connection with spiritual baptism, than that they had in view, and harmonized with, the mode of water baptism. And if this be true, it settles beyond all contradiction the manner in which this sacrament should be administered. And now, whoever can let him show another reason for the use of these varied phrases. Let him not forget the premises—the postulate with which we are agreed to start on this career of reasoning, namely, "as the Holy Spirit is omnipresent, the phrases 'poured out,' 'shed forth,' &c., cannot designate a *spiritual mode*; but they merely express the general fact of the Spirit's operation." Our conclusion is, if they denote not a spiritual mode, they have some office, and their mission is to point us, not to spiritual, but to substantive facts, which stand in some way related to the Spirit's operation. They denote *ideal* modes, and in water baptism we can trace the substantive from which the ideal are derived. To say no, were bold indeed, unless the contradiction should be prefaced by designating some other design of these frequent phrases. Is this possible? Until it is done, we shall adhere to our opinion. We can no more do otherwise than we can perceive that two and two do not make four. If these *phrases of mode* denote *no mode* in that of which they are affirmed, they can have but one remaining office. They point us to certain facts in some closely related theme, whose substantive mode answers to this mere ideal. And where are these facts, or realities? They are found in outward baptism—in the mode of applying water sacramentally. There can be no *shadow* of reason why the phrases "*poured out*" and "*shed forth*" are adopted in this connection, except, first, that Christ literally gives the Holy Spirit in that manner—or, second, that it is an ideal form of speech, and refers to the *pouring of water* as the *substantive* from which this ideal is derived.

* Continued from page 60.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that either of these alternatives is fatal to the claims of immersionists. If they say that the Spirit is literally *poured out*, they can no longer urge that this is a mere figurative baptism, and that *baptizo* properly means "immersion, and nothing else." If they fly to the other alternative, their position is no safer. On the contrary, as must be evident to all, if they affirm that the *phrases of mode*, so numerous and varied, which the inspired penmen and the blessed Redeemer have applied to spiritual baptism, are without proper or literal force, because the Omnipresent cannot be poured out, they are bound to show some other reason why such phrases are thus used, or the inference in favor of pouring is inevitable and incontrovertible.

In connection with this view of the subject, we admire the boldness with which immersionists charge on us the substitution of *rantism* for baptism. "If effusion is the proper or admissible ceremony," say they, "why was not the proper word, *rantizo*, applied to it?" We return them the question thus: If dipping is the proper ceremony, why did not John say, I *baptize* you in water, but he shall *rantize* you with the Holy Ghost? When God is "*pouring out*" his Spirit, it is called by Christ's forerunner baptizing; but immersionists would correct his phraseology. Nor can we suppose, if this were a visible work—if the Spirit should descend as a dove on an assembly, or come upon worshipers like descending showers, that these advocates of immersion could hesitate to say this is any thing but baptism. If Christ himself, as he *pours* the revealed influences on the people, should audibly exclaim, "I baptize you with the Holy Ghost, might we not expect to hear answering voices interrupt the Redeemer's benediction with—"Stop, Jesus! this is not baptizing—in deed or in word, thou errest. This is called rantizing." In spirit, this very folly may have been committed often. An immersionist declares "God has poured out his Spirit, and converted souls: I have baptized forty, and the Pædo-Baptists have *rantized* fifty."

Did he see the bearing of this last remark? He had just said, "God has *poured out* his Spirit," thus presenting Jesus in the act of baptizing. Yet, a moment after, this "pouring," sacramentally, is denominated, in sharp polemics, mere *rantism*. Well may we lament the methods good men often take to sustain indefensible positions. Let immersionists carry out their views in practice—let them describe revivals thus, "God has revived his work, and immersed the people in the Holy Ghost," and we shall see if this *usus loquendi, vel scribendi*, will help their reasoning amongst those who read their Bibles. Pædo-Baptists will adhere to a practice equally consistent, and continue to say, "God has *poured out* his Spirit upon the people."

VOL. IV.—12

Original.

WHAT IS IT TO BE HOLY?

BY THE EDITOR.

"If sanctified throughout," says a tempted follower of Jesus, "why is it thus with me? I am often without joy; sometimes my mind is not perfectly composed; now and then my communion with God is interrupted; again I suffer severe inward conflicts; I am frequently unconscious of any thing like triumph; and, finally, I cannot always, in these distresses, understand my condition, but am perplexed in regard to my religious state."

Let us consider, one by one, these several particulars, and see if each of them may not consist with an entirely sanctified state.

1. Does entire sanctification imply *perpetual joy*? From all we can learn, by consulting the written testimony of deceased and living witnesses, and by conversing with those who bear the fruits of perfect love, this is far from being the case. Mrs. Upham says, "The prevailing state of my mind has been in no wise that of high emotions. On the contrary, there has been great calmness, placidity, and quiet of mind." This is the concurrent testimony of the pure in heart. None who profess perfect love should be shaken in mind, because their state is not one of high and joyful excitement.

2. "*Sometimes my mind is not perfectly composed.*" This also may be true of the sanctified. The mind may become hurried, through its connection with the body, that is, by nervous influences. It may also be discomposed through ignorance or misconception. In any such cases, mental disquiet does not certainly infer unsanctified affections.

3. "*Now and then my communion with God is interrupted.*" This may be a mistake in regard to fact. What is communion with God? It does not necessarily imply unceasing rapture in prayer—nor an unvarying sense of God's presence and smile—nor an equally distinct apprehension at all times of his love to us—nor an unchanging *degree* of assurance that we are now accepted of him. Faith without joy is communion with God. Christ communed with him when he said, "Thy will be done!" Fellowship with him, in any other sense, is not essential to entire sanctification.

4. "*I suffer inward conflicts.*" Yes, and so do all the sanctified. Can there be war without conflict? The Christian's state on earth is militant. He is sanctified to *prepare* him for conflict. Those who are most holy are often set in the front of battle. They are Zion's "forlorn hope." God has trained them for his "vanguard." They, above all Christians, should look for sharp conflicts. They are detailed to commence assaults on Satan, and lead

the sacramental host in holy onset against his legions. Of course they are marks for his arrows. All hell is aiming at their overthrow. One of these, cast down, is better for the cause of sin than the discomfiture of regiments of mere subalterns. Conflicts all the sanctified shall have. It is peculiarly their heritage. The Lord leads them into the hottest of the battle, that in and through them his grace may be made known, and the name of the blessed Jesus glorified. "At times," says Mrs. Upham, "I have not been exempt from severe conflicts. Heart-searching and soul-trying questions have come up before me." The author of the "Way of Holiness" testifies the same. The sanctified have always assured us of this fact. The apostles confirm it, and Jesus Christ himself is a witness. Without conflicts, then, we cannot even deem ourselves sanctified.

5. "*I am frequently unconscious of any thing like triumph.*" Perhaps so. But is it strange, since this is our battle-field? The soldier first fights and *then* triumphs. But, if infallibly secure of victory, he ought to maintain hope. This or that man may fall at his side, the carnage may be terrible, this or that wing of the army may now and then waver, or even begin to give way, the foe may press on exultingly, and seem to be bearing down all; yet, if assured that the tide of battle will soon turn, he should *hope*, and bear himself courageously. But he cannot just then *triumph*. The shout of exultation is at present with the enemy. You say you do "not triumph." *Fight*, and you *shall* triumph by and by.

"*Finally, I am often perplexed in regard to my religious state.*" This involves the intellect, rather than the affections. Entire sanctification does not imply perfect self-knowledge. If it did, we need not be told to "examine ourselves." We may wish to know too much. If we understood all, we should have no need to trust. Faith refers many things to God, with confessions of our ignorance. We may know, and *ought* to know our general state, as that God has changed and sanctified our hearts. But we must not expect to know all the minute processes of the training work of the Spirit. Grace as well as providence is mysterious in many of its stages. We may know enough of both; but we cannot know all of either. It is enough, for instance, to be assured that God cannot err—that all his works are done in wisdom; and that, ultimately, he will bring forth "our righteousness as the light," if we will simply "trust, and not be afraid."

To engross our thoughts briefly, we conclude that entire sanctification is not, 1, a state of *perpetual rejoicing*; 2, nor of *constant composure*; 3, nor of *uninterrupted rapturous communion with God*; 4, nor of *perpetual freedom from conflict*; 5, nor of con-

stant *inward triumph*; 6, nor of unvarying *clear-sightedness in regard to our inward states*.

And now, to confirm these propositions, let us glance at the blessed Redeemer. In him, as the son of man, we have a perfect example of entire sanctification. Let us, then, examine whether he was always in possession of the six things above enumerated.

1. Was he "perpetually joyful?" Turn to Matt. xxvi, 38, and Mark xiv, 34, and read his own words: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even *unto death*." The original denotes the greatest anguish—an inexpressible horror of soul. From his history we should infer that, in the common acceptation, our Savior was seldom joyful. He had no remorse, as none of his faithful followers have. But whose "sorrow was like unto his sorrow?" The prophets and evangelists represent him as "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." The latter speak of him as rejoicing only once during the whole course of his ministry, while a characteristic scene of his life is that where, seated on the declivity of Olivet, he sheds his tears, and makes his lament over the devoted metropolis of his country. If the disciples of Christ are often sorrowful, let them not forget that "*his countenance*" was "so marred more than any man, and his visage more than the sons of men."

2. Did Christ maintain undisturbed *mental composure*? Certainly not. It was generally true of him, as it is of his faithful disciples, that while he suffered he had peace. But, in regard to both, may not the general rule, "sorrowing, yet always rejoicing," have some exceptions, to display, as in the case of Job, the efficacy of grace, and the glory of God? The scene of agony above referred to, forbids the supposition that the mind of Jesus was never ruffled or disquieted. The narrative states that he began to be "*sore amazed*." The original signifies a state of *overwhelming consternation*.

3. Had Jesus uninterrupted communion with the Father? In the sense of confidence, or resignation, doubtless he had. But we doubt whether he always had such communion as implied a sense of the Father's smile. If he had, why that expiring exclamation, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!" As man, he was then forlorn of the supporting presence of his Father. Bishop Hall says, "The words 'why hast thou forsaken me?' imply that God had, for the time, withdrawn from him the sense and vision of his comfortable presence." Dr. Scott understands, by this expression, "the total want of the light of God's countenance on his soul."

4. Had our Savior perpetual freedom from severe conflict? Alas! his was a *life* of conflict. It had scarcely any intermissions. Persecution without,

and temptation within, harassed him from hour to hour. Follow him to the wilderness, where, for forty days, he endured the assaults of Satan in the most cruel form, being tempted even to *fall down and worship* the prince of the power of the air. And after a trial so severe and protracted, the devil departed from him a "*little season*" only.

5. It is scarcely necessary to say that Jesus did not always triumph. To withstand is not properly to triumph. He always withstood. Never, under the severest assaults, did he yield, or begin to yield to the adversary. But he often withstood, in the midst of fearful anguish, such as no tongue can describe. So terrible were his conflicts that angels were sent from heaven to comfort him. Triumph implies exultation, which, both with Christ and his followers, is the fruit of overcoming, but is not found in the mere *struggle* to overcome.

Lastly. Was Jesus, *as man*, always aware of the necessity of his present sufferings? Were his own mental states fully understood by himself, in their relations to the salvation of man, and the government of God? We hesitate to reply according to our private convictions, lest we should seem inventive, and rash in our conclusions. But with the Bible before us, we will venture to say, no. And for proof we refer to Matt. xxvi, 39, and xxvii, 46. The first reads, "*If it be possible, let this cup pass from me.*" The other is, "*Why hast thou forsaken me?*" These expressions, with an *if* and a *why*, indicate that, in his amazement and agony, the Savior did not apprehend the exact purpose of the Father's dealings with him. He knew not as to the "*cup*," whether it was strictly necessary for him to drink it; or if necessary, wherefore. And he knew not, on the cross, *why* "God had forsaken him." In both cases the anguish of his soul was enhanced by a certain darkness of mind, which rendered his sorrows more intense, and was the bitterest ingredient of the cup.

In conclusion, let us remember, "*as he is so are we in this world.*" "It is enough that the servant be as his Lord." Christ, as to his human nature, was sanctified. His life is a pattern for us. Whatever he was in his humanity, and no more, we may, through grace, become. He was "*holy, undefiled, and separate from sinners.*" Thus we should be. But, on the other hand, he was not, as we have seen, always *joyful*, or *composed*, or in blissful *communion with the Father*, or free from conflicts, or in a state of *triumph*, or, as man, fully aware of the *ends* of his suffering states. Yet, in all these particulars, a certain something, which was their unvarying concomitant, rendered him "*holy and undefiled.*" If we can determine what that certain something was, we shall have discovered in what the holiness of the sanctified consists. And can we not perceive that *perfect resignation* marked all

the Savior's suffering states? "*Not my will but thine be done!*" Herein was he holy. Under whatever sorrows his soul was burdened and oppressed, this was his temper. And this is the sum of all creature holiness. Where there is perfect resignation there is a perfect reign of grace. "*Not my will, but thine!*" Humble disciple, so long as thou canst feel and speak after this example, whether in joy, or in sorrow—in composure, or in disquiet—in more or less intimate approaches to God—in rest or in the severest conflicts—overwhelmed or triumphant—in light or in darkness as to the reasons of God's procedure, thou art sanctified throughout; and looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of thy faith, be steadfast and unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. Satan desires to have thee that he may sift thee as wheat; but Christ hath prayed for thee that thy faith fail not. If Satan shake thy confidence, he has half conquered thee already. He will never cease to war against thy faith. And that he may succeed in this, he will accuse thee in many ways. He will strive to convict thee of error in self-judging—of having professed too much. To all his insinuations let this be thy reply, "*Get thee behind me, Satan.*" Then turn to thy Savior and say, "*I will believe.*" He will never rebuke thy faith. Cleave to him more closely, and, approving thy bold confidence, he shall keep thee in all thy ways, and crown thee his for ever.

"Commit thou all thy griefs,
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands:
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
No profit canst thou gain,
By self-consuming care:
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Thine everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove;
And whatso'er thou wilt, st,
Thou dost, O, King of kings!
What's thy unerring wisdom's choice,
Thy power to being brings.

Thou everywhere hast way,
And all things serve thy might;
Thine every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light;
When thou arisest, Lord,
What shall thy work withstand?
When all thy children want, thou giv'st:
Who, who shall stay thy hand?"

Original.

"NO TEARS FOR THEE."

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

"No tears for thee, though our lone spirits mourn
That thou with spring's sweet flowers wilt ne'er return:
No tears for thee, though hearth and home are blighted,
Though sadness clouds the scenes thy love has plighted:
No tears, for while with us thy soul, opprest,
Oft longed for refuge in thy Savior's breast:
No tears, for thou hast found thy home above—
No tears, thou'rt sheltered in the arms of love."

No, Christian, no! we will not weep,
Though we may greet thee here no more;
Thy form, now stilled in death's cold sleep,
The grave a sacred trust shall keep,
Till ocean's surges cease to roar.

Before us thou hast found thy rest,
Where nought shall e'er disturb thee more,
In robes of heavenly triumph drest,
And pillowed on thy Savior's breast.
Thy pains, and toils, and cares are o'er.

A radiant crown, bestud with gems,
Rests lightly o'er thy placid brow—
A golden harp of tuneful strings,
Whence melody celestial springs,
Employs thy raptured moments now.

To where the patriarch spirits live,
And near thy unvailed Savior's throne—
Whose beatific smile can give
All thy immortal longings crave—
To that bright mansion thou art gone.

O, then, we may not weep for thee,
Our tears shall not invade thy rest;
But when a few short days shall flee,
We'll greet thee in eternity,
Among the myriads of the blest.

THE THINGS ABOVE.

Now in the bloom of youthful days,
Ere care has come to cloud thy brow—
Ere thou the world's deceitful ways
Hast learned, O, make this solemn vow:
That, since all things beneath the sun
Do blight and fade from earth away—
Since all thy joys shall, one by one,
Pass off, and all thy hopes decay,
Thou wilt in heaven thy treasure store,
Where blight shall never, never come—
Where joys shall bloom for evermore,
And thou shalt dwell at home—"sweet home."
Then bid all fading charms adieu,
And seek a part in Jesus' love—
The path he kindly marked pursue—
It leads to cloudless realms above.

NOTICES.

SACRED BIOGRAPHY, OR THE HISTORY OF THE PATRIARCHS. By Henry Hunter, D. D. In one vol., 600 pp. 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This series of lectures has long been familiar to the reading public, yet may not have attracted the attention of a majority of those for whom this periodical is published. As to its themes, it comprises sketches biographical and historical of Adam, Cain and Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Melchizedek, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Aaron and Balaam—and of those female worthies, Deborah, Ruth and Hannah—together with the history of our blessed Lord.

The style of this book is popularly eloquent—suited to the occasion that called it forth. Nearly one hundred pages of the book are devoted to the lives of Deborah, Ruth and Hannah, in which all the graces of language are employed to celebrate the virtues of those patriarchal worthies, and set forth the excellencies of the female character. It is an entertaining as well as a useful volume.

This is not exactly a book of history or biography; but rather of eloquent dissertations or musings, in which the patriarchal character is used as a text—or as the thread to hang beads of gold upon. This mode enables the author to present truth more in the concrete, and and not wholly in the abstract.

THE LIFE OF JAMES ARMINIUS, D. D., formerly Professor of Divinity in the University of Leyden. By Nathan Bangs, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1843.—Impelled by deep interest in the character of Arminius, we have hastened to give this book a partial examination; and present to our readers the assurance that Dr. Bangs has executed an important and thankworthy office, in preparing this biography of Arminius. The Doctor depended chiefly on Nichols' voluminous notices of the Life and Writings of Arminius, which, valuable as they are to the well read theologian, are of no popular utility.

This volume is of the form of the "Family Library." It can be obtained by all, and will, we are sure, be examined by those who bear the ecclesiastical relation to Arminius which our Calvinistic brethren do to the Geneva professor.

The book presents a condensed, yet sufficiently minute sketch of the prominent incidents of Arminius' life, from his humble birth, through his educational course, his pastoral and pulpit labors, his theological professorship, his polemical career, and finally his persecutions for truth's sake up to the time of his death. Dr. Bangs has executed his task excellently well, considering the circumstances in which he was placed, and the sources to which he had access in preparing the history. And we are thankful for the privilege of consulting this compendium, and announcing it to thousands of interested readers.

Professor Stewart, of Andover, rendered an unexpected tribute of praise to Arminius, (and a righteous rebuke to his misinformed accusers,) in the first volume of the Biblical Repository. In his introduction to the article "Life and times of Arminius," (see Bib. Rep., vol. 1, pp 228,) he says, "From my youth up to the present hour I have heard much said for and against Arminianism and Arminius. It has so happened, that until recently I have never had it in my power to make a thorough examination into the merits and demerits of

this applauded and reprobated man. But as I have now obtained most of the materials for such an examination which I could desire, I have thought it matter of interest to know something more definite on the subject than I have hitherto done."

It seems then, that only fourteen years ago, Andover itself, with all its stores of theological literature, scarcely supplied materials to examine "into the merits of this applauded and reprobated man." And if Professor Stewart viewed Arminius as a heretic of the worst sort, closely allied to Pelagius, and mainly harmonizing with him in his theological opinions, no doubt ninety-nine hundredths of the clergymen in America agreed with him. Yet we are left to infer, that for a whole century prejudiced tradition was the only ground on which the ministers of New England based their conclusions and made up their verdict of reprobation. Professor Stewart supposed that both "the friends and foes of Arminius would be disappointed" at the announced results of his examination. "Arminius," says he, "was a very different man, as to his own theology, from what either of them suspect; unless indeed they have been at the pains to institute a particular and extended examination."

There *were*, perhaps, persons not a few, (unknown, however, to this learned professor,) who were as familiar with the "life and times of Arminius," as he was with the life and times of Calvin; and who understood the doctrinal views and teachings of that great man as fully as the Professor did the doctrinal views of Hopkins; or even of Leonard Wood or Ebenezer Porter, his own learned and excellent colleagues. They knew the views of Arminius, not because they had been polemically provoked to an "extended examination of his theological opinions," but because he was, like Wesley, a man after their own heart—a skillful interpreter of God's word, and a vindicator of its pure doctrines. They had as deep an interest in the Leyden divine, as the Andover professor had in Gesenius, the Hebrew lexicographer, or in Tholuck's evangelism—nay, deeper, for it was not an interest of mere admiration, but an interest of the heart.

How it seemed then to Methodists, when Professor Stewart announced the *surprise* he should inflict on the friends of Arminius, can scarcely be conjectured. Had Dr. Bangs taken it into his head that none in America but himself had scarcely any knowledge of Edwards or Emmons; of Neander abroad, or of Stewart himself at home, and published a notice of them in the Methodist Magazine, stating preliminarily that the Theological faculties of Cambridge, New Haven and Princeton would be surprised at "the development he was about to make concerning their strength of intellect and their scholastic acquirements," it would have excited little more wonder in those seats of learning, than did this innocent assumption of Professor Stewart. We say innocent, for how could the Professor, himself so ignorant of "Arminius and his Times," conjecture that others were any better informed? His business was study. Almost a pioneer among learned American orthodox interpreters, (the only formidable foe of Cambridge in biblical literature,) it is not strange that he concluded nobody knew more of Arminius than himself.

But the Professor committed another error, still more injurious to charity. When he had examined and ascertained what Arminius taught, and found that it was neither Pelagianism, nor any other destructive heresy, but essentially the same system of theology which, to

use his own words, "Richard Baxter, Sherlock, Tillotson, Doddridge and a multitude of others in this country and abroad, who have been honored and revered as burning and shining lights in the church" had taught, he proceeds to say, "What Arminianism is now got to be is well known. It is Semi-Pelagianism in some respects and Semi-Rationalism in some others: a compound of latitudinarian sentiments, such as Dr. Taylor of Norwich was accustomed to advocate, with divers other views which he rejected." * * * "Arminianism now is, one might almost say, any thing and every thing that is opposed to orthodoxy"!!

There must then, after all, be something in *some* names. In that name, Arminianism, there is, it seems, *much*! It means almost every thing opposed to orthodoxy. Of course orthodoxy has also a large comprehension. If Arminianism excludes almost nothing but orthodoxy, orthodoxy embraces almost every thing but Arminianism! Would the Professor say, yes? It might then be difficult to say where, except with orthodoxy, we shall class Unitarianism, Universalism, Taylorism, Finneyism, and now at length Perfectionism and Millerism of comparatively recent birth; for by no points of resemblance, as we perceive, can these be reckoned species of the *genus* Arminianism. They all sprung up on Calvinistic soil, from a Calvinistic stock, under Calvinistic culture, and even claim, as we think, a Calvinistic ancestry. And indeed, if we mistake not, some of them claim to be *Calvinism itself*; from which, it is affirmed, all varying opinions have swerved, and of which they have grown ashamed.

Is there any pure Arminianism amongst us? We answer, the Methodist Episcopal Church holds and teaches throughout those views of Christian theology which were inculcated and defended by the godly James Arminius. Calvin has no disciples in these United States, who so closely hold to the doctrinal system called by his name. Dr. Bangs says in his preface, "It will be perceived, that with the exception of a full belief in the possibility of a total and final apostasy, concerning which Arminius hesitated to express a decided opinion, while it is evident that he strongly inclined to believe it, *he taught* the same doctrines as those afterwards promulgated by John Wesley." And surely if there be harmony between Wesley and Arminius, it is not difficult to show that amongst the one million and more members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the religious views of John Wesley are so cordially received, that scarcely another example can be found upon earth, where so many persons, with so little mental reservation, accord with the religious teachings of a pure and master mind. This unity of opinions, referred as it confessedly is to Wesley and his labors, would cause embarrassment if not shame, (knowing as we do that our neighbors call it servilism,) were it not for this one fact—it results not from a blind admiration of Mr. Wesley, but from his correct and scriptural views, and from the experimental and practical use made of the common sense theology which he so legitimately inculcated from the Holy Bible. So long as Arminians or Wesleyans continue practical and experimental, they will retain this unity. Whenever they turn to metaphysical and scholastic subtleties, there will be an end of unity.

We have drawn into the notice of this book what may seem to be irrelevant, or at least unnecessary. Our apology is, that we seldom speak of a book in which we

feel so great an interest. It was needed. Learned theologians and erudite professors may consult it with advantage, not only for information, but in regard to charity. They will learn from it that no theological systems are at wider variance than Arminianism and Pelagianism; and that to include almost every thing, except "orthodoxy," in the former, betrays a want of information so remarkable, that it scarcely has a parallel, except in the assertion that "Arminianism as Arminius himself taught it, has no place amongst us in these times."

We again commend this little book to every body, with the assurance that it is worth a double reading.

INVITATIONS TO TRUE HAPPINESS, AND MOTIVES FOR BECOMING A CHRISTIAN. By Joel Parker, D. D., Pastor of the Clinton-street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1844.—Although Dr. Parker has acquired reputation as an author, we have read but little from his pen. This little volume is a fair pledge of future usefulness in the line of authorship. Its themes, in nine chapters moderately brief, are as follows. Will the reader ponder them? The Desire of Happiness Addressed; Man constituted for Happiness; Happiness Attainable; A Leading Motive for becoming a Christian; Sin incompatible with present Happiness; The unhappy consequences of Sin; The Happiness of a Religious Life; The Wisdom of Promptness. These topics are admirably treated. It is an excellent book for the family, and suitable to be presented to young persons.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES, OR BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE. By T. S. Arthur. New York: Harper & Brothers.—There seems to be more of gravity in the current and aim of this volume, than we supposed in glancing at its title. A story is made up, as it seems, chiefly for the mere purpose of presenting truth in a form which will provoke the indolently curious to pursue it. We have not read it. But glancing at certain passages, we are pleased with their force and beauty.

GIBBON'S DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, with notes. By the Rev. H. H. Milman. Harper & Brothers.—The third and fourth numbers of this work have reached us. We hear various opinions in regard to the sufficiency or insufficiency of Milman's notes, to guard the credulous reader against the poison of Gibbon's infidelity. It is a point on which we dare not trust our own judgment. Our opinion would have been, that the annotator is entirely successful in replying to the infidel insinuations of the historian. How far those predilections for skepticism, which all carnal minds contain, may strengthen the cause of error and weaken the force of truth, we know not. We would suggest, however, that in this world of enmity to God, we cannot preserve our children from contact with error. They will find infidelity everywhere; and doubtless will hear, if not read, its deceitful advocacy of frauds and lies. Is it not better that they trace the profane sophistries of a blaspheming age, side by side with those exposures and contradictions which strip them of their speciousness, and rob them of their power? So we have concluded. Let a young man who has read Gibbon with Milman's notes, be assailed by an infidel disciple of the historian, and he will not be taken entirely by surprise; and he may be able to silence or even convict his skeptical antagonist. We cannot, on the whole, deem it advisable for parents to exclude this history from the domestic

library, or to withhold it from their children. Let them urge the notes upon the attention of the young, and if necessary add explanations of their own, which every parent should be prepared to do, by having carefully and religiously passed over the ground.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF HANNAH MORE, with a portrait. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This work is now complete in eight numbers, at twenty-five cents each. Its literary value is well understood. In its present cheap and convenient form it ought to be widely circulated. The works of Hannah More are a library of themselves.

M'CULLOCH'S GAZETTEER. Harper & Brothers.—Number seven is received; to be completed in eighteen or twenty numbers. This, as a book of reference in matters geographical, will be useful in offices and families, in professional and private libraries. It is surprising what an amount of literature is obtained in this Gazetteer, at a price which could once scarcely have purchased Murray's Grammar and Parish's Geography.

These publications are on sale at the western branch of the Methodist Episcopal Book Concern, 311 Main-street, Cincinnati.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CHRONOLOGICAL PROPHECIES.—The word chronology is compounded of the Greek dissyllables *χρονος*, time, and *λογος*, discourse. It is properly the science of dates; as it teaches us to refer events to their just periods. Any principal occurrence of the past may be assumed as a starting point of chronological reckonings. Different nations have fixed on eras, suited in their view to the current of their civil, military, or religious history. The Jews reckon from the creation of the world, Christians mostly from the birth of our Savior, and Mohammedans from the Hegira, or the flight of their prophet.

The chronology of events which have fallen out since the incarnation of our blessed Savior, may be depended on as tolerably accurate. Not that there is no ground to dispute many dates involved in this long period. It is even debatable in what year our Savior was born, if it be granted that the world is 5843 years old. And it would not be expected by any one versed in chronological science, and aware of its uncertainties, that perfect harmony of opinion should prevail in regard to present popular dates. Still there is, if not infallible certainty, or acknowledged accuracy, a satisfactory approximation towards the true "year of our Lord."

But it is far otherwise in regard to events which transpired previous to the advent. So far from confidently holding that the real age of the world is 5843 years, we cannot assure ourselves that it is not variant from it scores of years.

There is an embarrassing want of harmony between the dates of the Hebrew and the Samaritan copies of the Bible. The former would bring the Savior's birth at the year four thousand, or four thousand and four, while the latter would bring it about one thousand years later. And various copies and rabbinical expositions of either text would make that variation still greater.

Several Jewish expositors fix the birth of Christ as early as the year of the world 3700, or about three hundred years before the vulgar era. Taking this as the boldest assumption on that side, or as the *minimum* of

dates, (though Isaac Abarbanel will have it a century earlier,) we proceed to make the following notes.

Joseph Scaliger will have it that the Christian era commences with the year of the world 3947. The celebrated Cardinal Bellarmine is as near him as the year 3984. The chronology of Josephus is disputed. Some will have it that he fixed the birth of Christ at the year of the world 4163, or 167 years after the vulgar era, and others claimed still later than that. Pagninus indisputably fixes it at the year 4051. Nor do we suppose that there is any thing superstitious or impudent, or contrary to reasonable presumption, in assuming that there are many probabilities at least in favor of a date as late or still later.

These variations, great as they may seem to persons unacquainted with the theme, are most of them not far beyond the limits of probability. We will proceed to notice others which, although themselves incredible, have this important influence—they lend a shade of gravity to some of those already named. Aurelius Cassiodorus deems that the birth of our Savior was Anno Mundi 4697; adding to the age of the world almost seven hundred years. The celebrated Augustine, whose name will sound familiar to our readers, and whose authority was once almost decisive in questions ecclesiastical, is believed, from rather disputed monuments of his opinions, to have fixed it as low down as the year of the world 5351, so that according to his dates we are now living in the eighth millenary. To Augustine's reckoning we must still add nearly 300 years for Clemens Alexandrinus, while Cyprian commences the Christian era at the year 6000. Nor is he in the extreme, for several others come down to 6400 and 6900. Thus nearly all periods between the year of the world 3700, and the year of the world 6900, (ranging every way between the two extremes,) have been fixed upon for the incarnation.

These different dates, making nothing of alledged obscurities during the Christian era, would render the age of the world uncertain to the amount of more than 3000 years. Confessedly there is not so great an uncertainty. We can indisputably confine the debatable ground within a very much narrower compass. We can reduce it by tens of centuries. But because the opinions of some Jewish expositors, and the calculations of Cyprian, Augustine, and Cassiodorus can be set aside, we must not infer that all variations from the vulgar era are unwarrantable. It is true, that to ascertain within a century the time of Christ's birth, is a tolerably assured task. But several periods of Jewish history cannot be so measured, even if the Hebrew text is correct, as to render us certain of the year. And though a literary friend, who has diligently pursued this theme, thinks we may come within ten years of it, his "*may*" is potential and implies to us that we *may* err by several tens.

"What matters it," the reader may ask, "whether we mistake or not?" We answer, in these days of calculation, when so many persons are diverted from devotion, to study the mysterious numbers of Daniel and of John, engrossing all duty into a search for "the time of the end," we ought to be aware that none can *know* that time. We may perceive at a glance, that the knowledge of the *end* implies a knowledge of the *beginning*. If one would measure thirty yards of cloth, he must *pass* to both extremes. The beginning, the end, and the intermediates, must all in turn come in contact with

the measure. So in prophecy; if perfectly assured of the length of Daniel's 2300, 1260, 1290, and 1335 days, we must next know where to commence these periods, if we would get at the "time of the end." We are aware that a few *profess* to understand. But the profession is a fond one, as we may see if we recur to the facts set forth above.

And these very facts are claimed by some persons beforehand, as possibly working out for them a trifling disappointment. They begin to say, "Christ will come in 1843;" and then add by way of bold hypothesis, "it will be 1843 until he *does* come." Yet some among themselves begin already to dispute whether the event shall be in 1843, or by four years of a convenient overrun, in 1847.

Sects divide and subdivide. And we cannot blame those who have wrought at such nice additions and subtractions, if they should spoil the unity of their own arithmetic, and with partisan disputations branch into as many plans of ciphering up the prophecies, as there are numerals and symbols in the whole sacred canon.

It may be asked, "cannot the numbers in Daniel and John be understood?" Certainly they can. Any one may see that 2300 are not at all obscure unless we obscure them. And all the other numbers are just as plain when *read*. The number seven is plain enough. But he who will show the reasons of its use in Revelation, shall render what was plain obscure; as he who looks at flowers for beauty shall find beauty and be refreshed, but if he will say he knows the nature of light he is a fool. It is often the greatest wisdom not to know too much. That the will moves the members of the body, is plain and sober sense. But to study *how* spirit governs matter, shows as great a want of sense as to affirm that men can climb the rainbow or sail in clouds. As to finding out precisely when the prophetic numbers commence and close, there are obstacles unfolded in this article which place it beyond all hope. If we knew how old Victoria would be at her death, we could not fix the time of her burial unless we also knew the period of her birth.

It may be asked if the 2300 days did not begin with the decree to rebuild Jerusalem? We have read over and over again the alledged demonstration of it; but never did we know a thing *less proven*. They say it is evident from the fact that seventy weeks are "*cut off*"! We doubt if this is said at all, for the verb has cognate meanings. But if it means "*cut off*," there is as much evidence that they were cut off from *all time* past or future, as that they were cut off from the period of 2300 days. Yet if cut off from 2300 days, it is doubtful if the decree of Artaxerxes is the commencement of the seventy weeks. The language of Daniel is "Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people and thy holy city." (ix. 24.) Then in the 26th verse it is added, "The people of the prince that shall come shall *destroy the city*," &c. We see no reason why the *destruction of the city* should be excluded from the period of seventy weeks. Nothing in the language of the prophecy warrants its exclusion, which shows how uncertain are all castings up, to determine the year of this or that event, even if, (as is far from truth,) it were agreed what the events shall be when they come.

But is it not said, the reader may ask, that *the wise shall understand*? Yes, and the wise have *always* understood. Daniel was wise. But what did he under-

stand? That he should "stand in his lot at the end of the days." To understand this is true wisdom, and it is wisdom enough. The martyrs were wise. But as to these dates of the prophecies, in the sense now imposed upon them, it is certain that they understood them not. Nor is it any part of wisdom thus to understand them. If a man would lose what wisdom he has, be it much or little, let him turn from the practical and devotional books of Scripture, and begin to pry into these reserved mysteries. Was not Jesus wise; and did he not understand the prophecy of Daniel as well as we can hope to understand it? If so, remember that with the prophet's numbers all before him, he could say of "*that day and hour* knoweth no man, no not even the *Son*, but the *Father*." He who can presume to have ascertained from the prophecies of Daniel, what Jesus could not learn from them, is a bold interpreter of Scripture.

"But does not the apostle say, 'Ye are not in darkness that the day should overtake *you* as a thief'? Yes; and why shall it not overtake them as a thief? Because they know the time? No. But because *not* knowing the time, they were *always* watching. 'Watch therefore,' says the Savior, 'for (because) ye know not the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.' The very reason we are to watch is, that we *know not the time*. In the 12th chap. of Luke, verse 40, their ignorance of the time is presented as the very motive to watchfulness. It will not overtake the true disciple as a thief. But the reason will be, not that he knows the time, but that he is always 'ready,' so that come when it may there can be no surprise.

The reader may say, "none profess to know the day nor the hour." We answer, they profess to know that the Son of man will come between the 23d of March, 1843 and the 23d of March, 1844. Now if he does not come until the 22d of March, 1844, will they not then know the *day*? And if he should not come till twenty-three hours of the 23d of March, 1844, are passed, would they not then know the *hour*?

"But do you not think we should study to understand the 'time of the end?'" We think the true Christian is deeply convinced that there is a coming general judgment. But we do not consider it any part of faith to believe that the judgment will be this year, next year, or any given year. Faith looks at Christ on the cross. The apostle says, "We preach Christ *crucified*," (not Christ's advent.) He says, "God forbid that I should glory save *in the cross*," (not in the advent.) Jesus says, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him," (lifted up, not coming down.) Satan cares not what else we do, if he can divert us from the cross. He knows it is by the cross, not by the advent, that "we are crucified to the world and the world unto us." Did we wish to make sure of a preparation to meet the Savior at his coming, we would never once look at the figures of Daniel or of John; but we would make it our sole business, day and night, to gaze at the cross. And we are satisfied from what we have seen and felt, that when our Lord *does* come, they will be best prepared to meet him, who studied the history of the crucifixion more, and the prophetic numbers less.

"But," says the reader, "would you not wish, at the moment of Christ's advent, to be looking for him in the heavens?" No. Others may find it edifying to be gazing into the heavens. We do not. The cross, not

the clouds, attracts our gaze. The *death* of Jesus, not his advent, melts our heart. And if in our day the Savior should come to judgment, may we like Paul, "be glorying in nothing but the cross!"

THE WAY OF FAITH.—The author of this narrative is a valued member of the Presbyterian Church. Her acquaintance with modern Methodism is of course very limited. She learns from books what Wesleyans *were*, but not from intimate acquaintance what they now are. Dr. Adam Clarke was a personal friend of Wesley, and a laborer in the vineyard almost from the beginning. But a few years since, he declared that Wesleyanism, to his certain knowledge, had not depreciated since the days of its founder. Dr. Robert Newton (and who is a better judge?) declared the same in the General Conference of 1840 at Baltimore.

From the best data within our reach, we derive the fullest conviction that there never was a time since the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, when she contained more doctrinal, experimental, and practical piety, in proportion to the number of her members, than she does now. There is, to be sure, as there always was, much to lament in all these particulars; but praised be God that there is also much to provoke gratitude and praise. The impression has always obtained, more or less, that "excitement" is an evil amongst us. If it were excitement without evangelical faith, this would be true; but we rejoice that providence has placed us in a position to understand, that in a large majority of cases, excitement is, with us, the legitimate fruit of a faith so strong and a love so pure and fervent, that without excitement the symmetry of Christian character amongst us would be actually marred. We deprecate excitement without faith; but we are skeptical in regard to any faith which does not enkindle as well as purify the soul's liveliest affections. They who "rejoice with joy unspeakable and *full of glory*," must be in a state of very deep excitement. "M." would agree with us in all this, and we do not say it in a way of contradiction or fault-finding, but to guard the reader from a misapprehension of her views. *Faith* and excitement is the true creed—not excitement without faith, which, blending with no purity of walk or conversation, will prove the professor a hypocrite and bring scandal to the Church. As to the state of the Methodist Church, we doubt not but this writer will rejoice to be corrected, (if our testimony should be received,) in regard to its not declining either in piety or morals.

EMBELLISHMENTS.—The publishers authorize us to say, that one of the numbers of the Repository during the year, will be embellished with a fine steel-plate engraving, which will form the frontispiece of the volume when bound. The engraving did not appear in the first number, because it was not then convenient to obtain one suitable for the work.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several articles of poetry, intended for insertion in this number, are unexpectedly crowded out. They will appear in April. The prospect of being absent in the month of May, renders it necessary to anticipate our issues up to the month of June. The three succeeding numbers will therefore appear earlier, and contributions intended for them should be hastened forward, as if they do not reach us at a very early period, they cannot be inserted in either of those numbers. We trust our friends will be prompt.